Other Lives

[Part One]

CHARLEY: Doctor, its huge! It's absolutely enormous! Much bigger than I'd ever imagined. What a magnificent erection.
DOCTOR: The Crystal Palace, Charley, or what came to be known as the Crystal Palace, designed by Joseph Paxton to house the Great Exhibition of the Works
CHARLEY: The Works of Industry of All Nations, Hyde Park, London, the year 1851. Yes, I know all that. What I didn't realise before was the sheer scale of the whole thing. It's incredible!
DOCTOR: C'Rizz doesn't look impressed.
C'RIZZ: Why the Crystal Palace? I can't see any crystal.
CHARLEY: Oh, the building was made almost completely of iron and glass, like a massive greenhouse.
C'RIZZ: A massive what?
DOCTOR: Big enough to display many of the products of industries from all over the world. Big enough to contain many thousands of people at any one time.
C'RIZZ: Like now. It looks pretty busy out there.
DOCTOR: Millions of people came to see the Exhibition in the six months it was open to the public. Isn't that right, Charley?
CHARLEY: I'm really not sure about this costume. Can't I wear something a bit less
DOCTOR: A bit less?
CHARLEY: Oh, I don't know. Just something, well, a bit less.
DOCTOR: Voluminous skirts and multiple petticoats were all the rage in 1851.
C'RIZZ: At least you'll get to see the Exhibition. All I'll get is a hazy view of it through the scanner.
DOCTOR: I already explained that.
C'RIZZ: Yes, I know. The Victorians aren't quite ready for Eutermesans. Horses bolting in fear, ladies fainting. I still don't understand why I have to be kept under lock and key.
DOCTOR: You're not a prisoner. I've uncoupled the isomorphic circuits so you can operate the door.. Just stay out of sight, and don't touch any of the other controls.
CHARLEY: We'll be as quick as we can.
C'RIZZ: Oh, take your time. I'm not going anywhere.
DOCTOR: After you, Charley.
CHARLEY: Thank you, my good man.
C'RIZZ: Have fun.

(Tardis door closes. Steam powered fairground music.)
DOCTOR: Have you an idea of our exact whereabouts?
CHARLEY: The Upper Gallery, I think. Musical instruments. So many musical instruments. Look at them all. Oh, come here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What is it?
CHARLEY: We can see down to the ground floor, stretching that way and that way. Have you ever seen so many things? Statues and textiles and a gigantic telescope. Oh, look, a lighthouse! Oh, and so many people.
DOCTOR: The Victorians certainly knew how to put on a show.
CHARLEY: Oh, we'll have to tell C'Rizz that this could take days.
DOCTOR: A few hours, certainly. He'll be all right for a few hours. The question is, where do we start?
CHARLEY: With the main sections first, downstairs, and then we can work our way back. Oh, Doctor, look! I can just see the Osler Fountain!
DOCTOR: The what?
CHARLEY: The Fountain. Pink glass, twenty seven foot high.
DOCTOR: Hey, wait for me. Victorian ladies don't run. What happens if we get separated? It wouldn't be difficult to get lost in this place.
CHARLEY: (slightly distant) I'll meet you at the Osler Fountain. Pink glass, twenty seven foot high. You can't miss it.

WELLINGTON: Everything as it should be, Fazackerley?
FAZACKERLEY: I've heard no reports of any disorder, Your Grace. The police appear to be doing their jobs well enough.
WELLINGTON: I should hope so. There's three hundred of them in and around the Glass Palace. Anyone tries to cause trouble, we'll soon know about it. We want Monsieur de Roche and his wife to return home to France with good reports of the Exhibition.
FAZACKERLEY: Of course, Your Grace. It wouldn't do to let them think there's been any resistance to this great showcase of industry.
WELLINGTON: Quite, quite.
FAZACKERLEY: Or that the British Public aren't completely united in their support for Queen and Government.
WELLINGTON: Yes, all right, Fazackerley. Keep your voice down. You never know who's listening. Walls have ears.
FAZACKERLEY: Even glass walls, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Whatever you say. I'd better find out what's happened to Monsieur and Madame de Roche. They have an annoying habit of wandering off on their own. Oh, I say.
GEORGINA: Do excuse me.
WELLINGTON: Are you all right, my dear? You almost knocked an old man off his feet.
GEORGINA: The fault was entirely mine. I wasn't looking where I was going.
FAZACKERLEY: You should be more careful, madam. Charging about like a wild animal. You might have injured the Duke.
WELLINGTON: No harm done, Fazackerley. Now, m'dear, something must have prompted such a level of agitation in you.
GEORGINA: It's my son. Ten years old. He was at my side until a few minutes ago, but we were pushed and jostled so vigorously by the crowd that he's since been lost from my sight.
WELLINGTON: Oh, dear.
GEORGINA: I hardly know what to do. I've searched and searched. My heart would break if any harm should come to him.
WELLINGTON: There, there. No harm will come to him, m'dear. We'll see to that. Help the lady find her son, Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: Me, sir?
WELLINGTON: There's a good fellow.
GEORGINA: Thank you, sir.
FAZACKERLEY: You must address the Duke as Your Grace, madam.
GEORGINA: Thank you, Your Grace. I'm very grateful.
WELLINGTON: I'll leave it to you, Fazackerley. Good day, m'dear.
GEORGINA: I'm sorry to inconvenience you, Mister Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: Really, madam, I have better things to do than hunt for lost children. This is a poor use of my valuable time.
GEORGINA: If you prefer not to help me, sir, then I shall continue to look for him on my own.
FAZACKERLEY: Oh, that won't be necessary, madam. Let us start our search by retracing your steps. What is the child's name?
GEORGINA: My son's name is Henry.
FAZACKERLEY: Henry. Oh, very well. Perhaps you would lead the way, madam?
GEORGINA: Georgina Marlow. Mrs Georgina Marlow.

WELLINGTON: Please stand aside there, for Monsieur and Madame la Roche. Make way there. Stand aside, please.
M DE ROCHE: It is good of you to accompany us on this visit, Duke.
MME DE ROCHE: Ver' good indeed. My husband and I are honoured to 'ave such a distinguished guide to ze Great Exhibition.
M DE ROCHE: You must know it so well by now. You must have seen it many times.
WELLINGTON: What's that you say?
MME DE ROCHE: My dear Christian, you know that his hearing is impaired. You 'ave to speak up.
M DE ROCHE: Of course, Madeleine. (louder) You must know it so well by now, Duke. Ze Great Exhibition.
WELLINGTON: Oh? Not at all, not at all, my boy. Someone has to keep an eye on you. And you don't need to shout. I'm not completely deaf.
MME DE ROCHE: You 'eard what the Duke said, my dear. 'e isn't completely deaf.

DOCTOR: Charley? Charley! I knew this would happen. I just knew it. Happens every time. All I have to do is let her out of my sight for one moment and she's gone.
(Running feet.)
DOCTOR: Oh, who's that? A boy. Hello, are you lost?
GEORGINA: Henry! There he is, Mister Fazackerley. There's my little boy. Don't let him run away. Henry, come back! Why didn't you make any attempt to stop him, you foolish man?
DOCTOR: I beg your pardon. Are you talking to me?
GEORGINA: You could have seized hold of my son, instead of which you merely stood there and did nothing. Rest assured that if he comes to any harm, I shall hold you directly responsible for it.
DOCTOR: He's your son, madam, not mine. You should take better care of him.
GEORGINA: How dare you, sir! How dare you!
FAZACKERLEY: The child went that way, madam. Shall I go after him?
GEORGINA: Thank you, Mister Fazackerley. I shall go after him myself. This is clearly not a task for me to perform.
DOCTOR: The ingratitude of the woman, leaving a young boy to wander about in this dangerous place.
FAZACKERLEY: I'll have you know, sir, that this dangerous place, as you call it, is patrolled by three hundred dedicated, hard-working policemen. He'll be quite safe.
DOCTOR: Did you see the look she gave me, as she walked away? Any one would think I'd committed some sort of crime.
FAZACKERLEY: I didn't notice, sir. Maybe you have committed some sort of crime.
DOCTOR: None that I'm aware of, Mister Fazackerley. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm also looking for someone.
FAZACKERLEY: Could I see your ticket, please?
DOCTOR: Ticket?
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, sir. Your ticket of admission.

WELLINGTON: Ah, oh. Mind if I join you on this bench, m'dear? I need to sit down for a few minutes, rest my weary legs.
CHARLEY: As long as you don't mind holding this shoe for me.
WELLINGTON: Wha? Oh, of course. Anything to oblige a pretty young gal.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry this dress seems to take up so much room. I can't seem to get it under control.
WELLINGTON: What are you doing?
CHARLEY: Trying to massage my feet. What does it look like? It's not easy in this outfit.
WELLINGTON: Damned uncomfortable, from what I can see.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, that's better. Oh, much better.
WELLINGTON: Ah. Been a while since I held a gal's shoe. Can't remember the last time. Legs are killing me. Bit of advice, m'dear. Never grow old. What dainty little feet you have. Not like my canal barges. Look at 'em.
CHARLEY: Nice boots.
WELLINGTON: Can't wait to get them off, to tell you the truth. Prefer a pair of slippers. Soldiering days are long gone. All purely ceremonial now.
CHARLEY: I think you look very smart in that uniform. You remind me of the Duke of Wellington.
WELLINGTON: Ah. Ah. You know the Duke, do you?
CHARLEY: Oh, only from pictures. He was a very handsome man.
WELLINGTON: He'd be flattered to hear you say so.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Of course, he's still alive in 1851.
WELLINGTON: What's that you say?
CHARLEY: He must be quite old now.
WELLINGTON: We're none of us getting any younger, m'dear. What's your name?
CHARLEY: Charlotte. My friends call me Charley.
WELLINGTON: Arthur. Don't have any friends. Not any more. Most of them died years ago. What do you think of this lot?
CHARLEY: The Great Exhibition?
WELLINGTON: Mmm.
CHARLEY: Ah, it's marvellous. I've always wanted to see it.
WELLINGTON: Always?

CHARLEY: Since it opened, I mean.
WELLINGTON: They made the mistake of thinking an event like this can unify the whole world. Bah! Been fighting battles for the best part of me life. India, France, Parliament. Oh ho, fighting's all I know, and I can tell you it'll take more than a Great Exhibition to keep the mob at bay.
M DE ROCHE: Excuse me, Duke, but are you ready to continue our tour?
WELLINGTON: Of course, Monsieur de Roche. I'm quite ready. (creak of bench) Oh. Well, no rest for the wicked, it seems. Very good to meet you, Charley.
CHARLEY: Good to meet you too, Arthur.
WELLINGTON: Your shoe, I believe.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
WELLINGTON: Lead on, Monsieur. lead on.
M DE ROCHE: Ze young woman was very familiar with you, Duke.
WELLINGTON: Yes, I know. Shocking, isn't it. (laughs)

DOCTOR: I had a ticket, but must have dropped it somewhere. How do you suppose I got inside in the first place?
FAZACKERLEY: That's what I should like to know, sir. Most people are happy to pay the shilling for a ticket.
DOCTOR: How much?
FAZACKERLEY: One shilling per person.
DOCTOR: I don't have a shilling. I don't have any currency you'd recognise.
FAZACKERLEY: Foreign, are you, sir?
DOCTOR: You could say I'm not from these parts, yes. I have to get back in there.
FAZACKERLEY: I appreciate that, sir. Now I'm sure we can find someone whose job it is to relieve you of one shilling.

CHARLEY [OC]: C'Rizz, can you hear me? No one's looking. Open the door. Can you hear me?
C'RIZZ: I can hear you, I can hear you. Don't be so impatient.
(Door opens, footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Ah. I didn't want anyone see me getting into the Tardis. Have you been asleep?
C'RIZZ: No! I've been reading. Where's the Doctor?
CHARLEY: What have you been reading?
C'RIZZ: Charley, where's the Doctor?
CHARLEY: I don't know. We were supposed to meet at Osler's Crystal Fountain, and he didn't turn up. I waited for ages. The only person who spoke to me was an old man. Someone quite important, I think. Anyway, the upshot is, I don't know. The Doctor's still wandering about somewhere.
C'RIZZ: How's he going to know where you are?
CHARLEY: Oh, he'll work it out.
C'RIZZ: He could be waiting at the fountain even as we speak.
CHARLEY: There's still a lot I haven't seen yet. I just thought I'd make sure you were all right.
C'RIZZ: What did you really come back for?
CHARLEY: These petticoats are driving me mad. I need to change into something more comfortable before going out there again.
C'RIZZ: The Doctor won't be happy about that. He wants you to blend with your surroundings.
CHARLEY: It's the middle of summer and I'm baking hot. Besides, I can hardly engage the Queen in polite conversation while I'm pulling at my undergarments.
C'RIZZ: What Queen?
CHARLEY: Oh, never mind. It wasn't her anyway. Just some visiting dignitary. French, I think. Monsieur de Roche and his little wife. I managed to get a glimpse of them through the crowd.
C'RIZZ: Little wife? You aren't exactly towering yourself.
CHARLEY: Petite is the word you're struggling for. And you know what they say about small packages.
C'RIZZ: That they're bitterly disappointing?
CHARLEY: Anyway, if the Doctor's so worried about blending in, he should do something about the outside of the Tardis. Telephones weren't invented till the 1870s. What's a telephone box doing in 1851?
C'RIZZ: Describe the little wife.
CHARLEY: About my height, petite, some would say a little on the chubby side.
C'RIZZ: Chubby?

CHARLEY: Plump.
C'RIZZ: Plump! I wouldn't say you're plump, Charley.
CHARLEY: I'm describing *her*, not me. You're starting to annoy me now.
C'RIZZ: And her husband? Tall, dark-haired?
CHARLEY: That's the one. I'm impressed. How on Earth do you know that?
C'RIZZ: Because I can see them on the scanner. They're right outside the door.

MME DE ROCHE: Advice and assistance obtainable immediately. Officers and cars respond to urgent calls. Pull to open. Christian, have you ever seen anything quite like this before?
M DE ROCHE: No, my dear. Of all ze curious artefacts on display, zis is surely one of the most curious.
MME DE ROCHE: Police Public Call Box. What, pray, is a Police Public Call Box?
FAZACKERLEY: May I venture to suggest, madam, that it is some form of receptacle for storing members of the Metropolitan Police.
MME DE ROCHE: That is a ridiculous suggestion, Monsieur.
M DE ROCHE: Quite ridiculous, Monsieur.
MME DE ROCHE: The word telephone is derived from the Greek language, is it not? Tele and phone. Distant sounds, or er, distant voices, I think. What say you, my dear?
M DE ROCHE: I know nothing of Greek, my dear wife. The Duke of Wellington may have an answer.
MME DE ROCHE: Of course. Duke, it was your Government which brought the new police into being in London. Perhaps you can shed some light upon this curiosity?
WELLINGTON: Alas, madam, I cannot. But as the singular object is here, nestled among a collection of musical instruments, it would not be unreasonable to suppose it is also a musical instrument. Mayhap it opens out into a pianoforte or some such thing.
MME DE ROCHE: That is a fair supposition, Duke. How very clever of you.
M DE ROCHE: Perhaps the exhibitor can be found who can open this box. My wife and I have a wish to see inside.
FAZACKERLEY: Certainly, Monsieur.

C'RIZZ: They're going, Charley. They're moving away from the Tardis.
CHARLEY: Oh, this is terrible. I told the Duke of Wellington to hold my shoe! How embarrassing is that? The Duke of Wellington, C'Rizz. Oh, and I massaged my foot.
C'RIZZ: We have to tell the Doctor.
CHARLEY: That I massaged my foot?
C'RIZZ: That they're taking too much interest. Monsieur de Roche and his wife. Well, you heard what they said. They want to see inside. In here! They'll come back with reinforcements, battering rams, explosives!
CHARLEY: What are you talking about? They won't be able to get in unless we open the doors and let them in.
C'RIZZ: But the Tardis could still be moved. Well, it could easily be taken somewhere else. The Doctor should be told.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, look.
C'RIZZ: He has a right to know.
CHARLEY: Just look!
C'RIZZ: What?
CHARLEY: Out there, on the scanner. Something's going on.
C'RIZZ: All I can see is a man with a gun in his hand.
CHARLEY: And he's watching Monsieur de Roche and his wife.
C'RIZZ: Well, he could be watching the other two.
CHARLEY: No, he's definitely watching Monsieur and Madame la Roche. We have to tell the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: That's what I've been saying.
CHARLEY: Didn't you see what I saw? That man out there is carrying a pistol. He's planning to kill the French visitors! Right, you find the Doctor, I'll warn the police.
C'RIZZ: No, why don't you find the Doctor and I'll warn the police.
CHARLEY: Remember what we said about blending? Let's do it my way, it'll save a lot of explanations.
C'RIZZ: You do realise that once we're both outside the Tardis we won't be able to get back in

again?
CHARLEY: All the more reason to find the Doctor as quickly as possible.

DOCTOR: Pay a penny, win a prize, ladies and gentlemen, very simple. All you have to do is guess in which hand I'm holding this pocket watch. Get it right, and the prize is yours. Get it wrong, and the penny's mine. Care to try your luck, sir? That'll be one penny, please. One penny, one guess. Thank you very much. I take the watch in my left hand, shuffle the hands, keep watching the hands. Left or right? Left? Ooo, bad luck, it's in the right. Never mind, have a nice day, sir. Come on, ladies and gentlemen, anyone else? Pay a penny, win a prize.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Charley.
CHARLEY: Anything?
C'RIZZ: Nothing. There's no sign of the Doctor, and people keep staring at me.
CHARLEY: Ignore them.
C'RIZZ: What about you?
CHARLEY: No one's staring at me.
C'RIZZ: Have you spoken to the police?
CHARLEY: No. Typical, when you want a policeman, you can't find one anywhere.
C'RIZZ: Keep looking.
CHARLEY: And you.
C'RIZZ: Osler's Fountain?
CHARLEY: Osler's Fountain.
(They run off.)

(British Grenadiers is playing on fife and drum.)
DOCTOR: Twelve shiny pennies. One shilling. I'd like a ticket to see the Great Exhibition, if you'd be so kind.

JACOB: I've been watching you.
C'RIZZ: I'm sorry?
JACOB: I've been watching you. Up and down, up and down, and I says to meself, Crackles, I says, that poor unfortunate boy's a-looking for someone. Plain as the nose on me face. Tell me if I'm wrong.
C'RIZZ: I'm in a bit of a hurry at the moment.
JACOB: It's none of me business, I know, but I like to help folk when I can. The name's Crackles. Jacob Crackles. Me card. It's the Good Samaritan in me. We're all put on this Earth to help one another, that's what I says. We're all one family under the skin. Tell me if I'm wrong.
C'RIZZ: Thank you, Mister Crackles. I really must go.
JACOB: What's his name, this someone you're looking for?
C'RIZZ: You wouldn't know him. Thank you anyway.
JACOB: Try me.
C'RIZZ: He's called the Doctor, and it's important that I find him without delay. So, if you'll excuse me.
JACOB: The Doctor, he says. I know the Doctor. Why didn't you say so before? Course I know the Doctor. Just been talking to him outside.
C'RIZZ: Outside? What's he doing outside?
JACOB: Ask him yourself.
C'RIZZ: Could you direct me?
JACOB: Crackles can do better than that, my friend. He can take you straight to him. Two heads are better than one, that's what I says. Two heads are better than one. Tell me if I'm wrong.

MME DE ROCHE: Tell us, Monsieur. Does this police box belong to you?
DOCTOR: Er, no. No, it doesn't.
M DE ROCHE: But you 'ave a key in your 'and, and were about to use it in that lock.
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, this key? I er, I found it. On the floor a little distance away. I've been trying different locks to see which one it corresponds to. No luck so far, I'm afraid. (sotto) Open the door, C'Rizz.

MME DE ROCHE: I'm sorry?
DOCTOR: Nothing. (sotto) C'Rizz.
M DE ROCHE: You 'aven't yet tried ze key.
DOCTOR: There's really no need. I can see at a glance that it won't fit this particular lock. (sotto) Well, C'Rizz, open the door!
MME DE ROCHE: Are you all right?
DOCTOR: Perfectly.
M DE ROCHE: Give me ze key. Let me try.
DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no. It won't work for you.
M DE ROCHE: Why not?
DOCTOR: No, no, you misunderstand. What I mean is, it won't work for anyone. It's the wrong size and shape. Completely different.
MME DE ROCHE: You are lying.
DOCTOR: I'm not lying. See for yourself.
MME DE ROCHE: He's lying, Christian! We're not fools, you know.
M DE ROCHE: Give me the key, Monsieur.
DOCTOR: No, it's my key.
M DE ROCHE: So, it's your key now, is it?
DOCTOR: Yes. I, oh.
M DE ROCHE: You cannot argue with zat, eh?
DOCTOR: No, it's just that there happens to be someone standing behind you with a pistol in his hand.
MME DE ROCHE: Another lie.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid not. And now he has a second pistol in his other hand.
M DE ROCHE: The moment we turn to look behind us, you will use use zat key to open ze box and disappear inside. You really do think we're fools, don't you.
GRISWALD: (Scots) You should listen to him, Monsieur.
(Pistols are cocked.)
MME DE ROCHE: Christian!
DOCTOR: Don't shoot, don't shoot!
MME DE ROCHE: No!
(Hard thumps.)
MME DE ROCHE: How dare you threaten us!
DOCTOR: Quickly inside, both of you.
M DE ROCHE: You first, Madeleine.
MME DE ROCHE: There won't be enough room for us all!
DOCTOR: Yes, there will be.
GRISWALD: You, stand aside.
DOCTOR: I will not, sir.
GRISWALD: My argument is with Monsieur de Roche, not with you. Stand aside and allow me a clear shot at the Emissary of Louis-Napoléon. I shall spare the life of Madame la Roche.
DOCTOR: Neither one nor the other shall be harmed. You'll have to shoot me first.
GRISWALD: Very well.
(Cocks weapon.)
DOCTOR: On second thoughts.
(Tardis door closes. The would-be assassin thumps on it.)
GRISWALD: Come out of there! Do you hear me? Come out and show yourselves!

DOCTOR: He isn't a friend of yours, I take it? C'Rizz?
M DE ROCHE: Not every one approves of ze great President of France. My wife and I, as supporters of Louis-Napoléon, are easier targets for an assassin's bullet. We are indebted to you for saving our lives.
DOCTOR: You'll be safe here for a while. Where did you learn to punch like that? The man didn't know what hit him.
M DE ROCHE: My country has been in turmoil for so long, Monsieur. It is as well that we 'ave learnt how to defend ourselves. You say that we'll be safe 'ere?
DOCTOR: Just for a short time, and then I'll inform the police of what's happened. C'Rizz! You and your wife need to be better protected from your enemies.
MME DE ROCHE: What is zis place?
M DE ROCHE: You have no pianoforte.

DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
MME DE ROCHE: It is much bigger inside than out.
DOCTOR: You'd noticed that.
MME DE ROCHE: Such a thing is not possible.
M DE ROCHE: We have the evidence of our own eyes, Madeleine. Such a thing must be possible. A remarkable feat of dimensional engineering. British, of course.
MME DE ROCHE: A new design, perhaps, by Monsieur Stevenson or Monsieur Brunel?
DOCTOR: No one you'd know, Madame de Roche.
M DE ROCHE: What is it's purpose, it's function?
DOCTOR: The Tardis is a craft, a vehicle. A horseless carriage, si vous voulait.
MME DE ROCHE: It 'as no wheels!
M DE ROCHE: 'ow does it move?
DOCTOR: How does it move? It flies.
MME DE ROCHE: Ah, then it is a balloon.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's right. It's a hot air balloon, from a design by the Montgolfier brothers.
MME DE ROCHE: The Montgolfier brothers? But of course we know the Montgolfier brothers. Oh, 'ow exciting. Did you 'ear that, Christian? This balloon is French!

(Fire crackling. Snoring. Long case clock ticking slowly.)
FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace? Your Grace!
WELLINGTON: What's that you say? Who's that? Confound you, Fazackerley. This is the Royal Retiring Room. Can't you see I'm trying to get some sleep?
FAZACKERLEY: Many apologies for the disturbances, Your Grace. I have a (ahem) young woman here for you.
WELLINGTON: Oh, I've told you a thousand times before. I'm much too old for that sort of thing. Give her some food and send her away, do you hear me?
CHARLEY: Let me talk to him. It's Charley, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Eh?
CHARLEY: Charlotte Pollard? We met earlier? I'm really sorry about the shoe.
WELLINGTON: Charley? Shoe?
CHARLEY: At the fountain.
WELLINGTON: Oh yes, I remember. The Fountain, that's right. That's all right, young lady. No harm done.
CHARLEY: Oh, but there will be harm done if no one listens to me. The police seem to think I'm imagining it.
WELLINGTON: What are you talking about? Fazackerley, what is she talking about?
CHARLEY: There's a gunman on the loose in the Crystal Palace. Maybe more than one. And I'm sure he's after your French visitors.
WELLINGTON: Huh? Gunman? What are you talking about? Fazackerley, what the devil is she talking about?
CHARLEY: A man with a gun, a pistol. I saw him.
WELLINGTON: Saw him doing what?
CHARLEY: Watching Monsieur de Roche and his wife.
WELLINGTON: Did you hear that, de Roche? Someone's trying to. Blast the man, where's he gone? They were sitting in those chairs the last time I saw them. Must have wandered off for another reconnaissance.
CHARLEY: You have to do something before it's too late.
WELLINGTON: Where did you see this would-be assassin planning his strike?
CHARLEY: One of the galleries. Musical instruments.
WELLINGTON: Musical instruments, eh? The blue box! That's probably where de Roche will make for. Stab me vitals, Fazackerley. Mobilise the police. We'd better get up there.
FAZACKERLEY: (sarcastic) Oh yes, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Where'd you think you're going?
CHARLEY: With you, of course.
WELLINGTON: This is no work for a lady. You'll stay here.
CHARLEY: You can't tell me what to do.
WELLINGTON: The Duke of Wellington can do anything he wants! Stay where you are!

DOCTOR: Ah, ah, ah. Please don't touch the console, Madame de Roche. There are some very complex settings. You wouldn't want to launch us through the roof, would you?

M DE ROCHE: Be careful, my dear. You know that Louis-Napoléon would wish to 'ave such an extraordinary object presented to him in one piece. We mustn't risk damaging it.
MME DE ROCHE: Of course, Christian.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Monsieur, but the Tardis isn't for sale.
M DE ROCHE: You would offer it to France as a gift? Monsieur, you are more than generous.
DOCTOR: Madame de Roche, would you please stand away from the console. Thank you. It should be safe enough to go back outside now. I can't see anything on the scanner.
MME DE ROCHE: The assassin may be waiting for us.
DOCTOR: I'll go first. Stay in here until I call you.
MME DE ROCHE: You're a brave man, Monsieur.
M DE ROCHE: Take the pistol. Use it if necessary.
DOCTOR: It won't be necessary.
M DE ROCHE: Take it anyway.
DOCTOR: As you wish. And remember
MME DE ROCHE: We'll wait 'ere until you call.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: I don't see anyone suspicious, Monsieur. A few people looking at exhibits some distance away. Nothing that should alarm you. Ah. And a couple of policemen heading towards us. That's handy.
FAZACKERLEY: That must be him, Your Grace. He's already given me a bit of trouble today.
WELLINGTON: Don't just stand there, Fazackerley. Grab him.
DOCTOR: They probably think I'm one of your attackers.
FAZACKERLEY: I say, you there.
DOCTOR: It's all right, Mister Fazackerley. I'm on your side.
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, and I'm the Queen of Sheba.
DOCTOR: Really? You don't look like how I remember
(Tardis door closes, Tardis dematerialises.)
DOCTOR: The Tardis!
WELLINGTON: What's going on, Fazackerley? I trust you have the situation under control?
DOCTOR: It can't be. It can't have gone?

[Part Two]

WELLINGTON: Don't just stand there, Fazackerley. What's the matter with you, man? You look like you've seen a ghost!
FAZACKERLEY: I saw something, Your Grace. I'm not sure what I saw, but I saw something.
DOCTOR: What you saw was my only means of escape leaving without me.
FAZACKERLEY: What I saw was a trick of the light, a shadow, a reflection. There'll be no escape for you, sir. You're in enough deep water as it is.
DOCTOR: Could I have my arm back, please, Mister Fazackerley?
WELLINGTON: Hold him fast!
DOCTOR: You're making a terrible mistake.
WELLINGTON: The mistake is surely on your side, sir. Tell us now why you were trying to kill Monsieur de Roche and this'll go easier for you.
DOCTOR: There was a man, I don't know who he was, carrying a pistol.
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, you were that man.
DOCTOR: No, I helped Monsieur and Madame de Roche to safety in the. Let's just say I helped them to safety. The last time I saw them, they were alive and well.
WELLINGTON: You've seen de Roche and his wife? Where are they?
DOCTOR: All I can tell you is that they're probably no longer in the Crystal Palace.
WELLINGTON: Probably?
DOCTOR: Almost certainly.
WELLINGTON: Well where, then?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
WELLINGTON: What's your name?
DOCTOR: The Doctor.
WELLINGTON: Doctor what?
DOCTOR: Just Doctor. What's your name?
WELLINGTON: You're being obtuse.
FAZACKERLEY: No one talks to the Duke of Wellington like that! You'll pay for your insolence.

DOCTOR: Did you say the Duke of Wellington?
WELLINGTON: All right, Fazackerley. Keep an eye open for Monsieur and Madame de Roche. I want to see them the moment they reappear.
DOCTOR: If they reappear.
WELLINGTON: They shall. They must. Any further questions will have to wait until we reach the police station. Have him escorted away.
DOCTOR: But I have to stay here. I have to wait in case they come back. I don't even know where my friends are.
FAZACKERLEY: Come along, sir.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Please, you must listen to me.
WELLINGTON: I want this building cleared, Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: Now, Your Grace?
WELLINGTON: Now, Fazackerley! And then I want it searched from top to bottom. Monsieur and Madame de Roche must be found, dead or alive. Preferably alive.

C'RIZZ: I thought you knew where to find the Doctor.
JACOB: Have a little faith, me friend. I didn't catch your name.
C'RIZZ: Er, C'Rizz.
JACOB: When Jacob Crackles says he'll do a thing, you can depend on him to do it. We're almost there. It's just beyond those trees.
C'RIZZ: It seems a bit strange that he left the Crystal Palace without saying anything to Charley. I hope he's all right.
JACOB: Where did you say you're from, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I didn't.
JACOB: Well, you're not English, though, are you. You don't look English. Interesting skin colour, that.
C'RIZZ: I'm Eutermesan.
JACOB: I knew it. I knew it. I says to meself, if he's not English, he's Eutermesan. Ha, couldn't be anything else, I says. Unmistakable.
C'RIZZ: How can you know where I'm from?
JACOB: I've travelled far and wide, me friend. I've seen the world.
C'RIZZ: Just this one, you mean?
JACOB: And I'd recognise Eutermesan anywhere.
C'RIZZ: Mister Crackles, what exactly did the Doctor say to you when you saw him?
JACOB: As I recall it, he was a mite concerned to let Charley know his whereabouts. Must tell Charley where I am, he said. Don't want him worrying about me.
C'RIZZ: He said that? Are you sure?
JACOB: Them were his very words. Must tell Charley where I am, he said.
C'RIZZ: Don't want *him* worrying about me, yes?
JACOB: That's right.
C'RIZZ: I see. Describe the Doctor.
JACOB: Describe the Doctor?
C'RIZZ: Go on. If you've met the Doctor, you'll be able to describe him.
JACOB: What would be the point of that, me friend? Well, you know what he looks like. Tell me if I'm wrong.
C'RIZZ: That's the point. I know what he looks like, but you don't. I'm going back before you waste any more of my time. Charley will be wondering where I am. Good day to you, Mister Crackles.
(Thump!)
JACOB: Pity we had to do it the hard way. Sleep well, me funny little friend.

(Door opens.)
FAZACKERLEY: Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Mister Fazackerley, I demand to know what's going on. The Duke can't keep me here all day.
FAZACKERLEY: New instructions have been issued, Miss. You are free to leave.
CHARLEY: Thank you. I can carry on looking for my friends.
FAZACKERLEY: I'm afraid you'll have to look for them outside. The Duke has ordered the Exhibition be closed until tomorrow. Please be so kind as to use the nearest exit.

CHARLEY: That isn't fair. I'm not leaving without them. I can't leave without them. There are several exits, thousands of people, we won't know how to find each other.
FAZACKERLEY: Nevertheless, madam, you must leave. The Exhibition is closed to the public until tomorrow. You'll be quite at liberty to return then. This way, please.
CHARLEY: Arthur will listen to me.
FAZACKERLEY: Arthur, Miss?
CHARLEY: You know him as the Duke of Wellington.
FAZACKERLEY: His Grace has already left, Miss Pollard. And please refrain from referring to him in such a familiar manner.
CHARLEY: Ah, there you are, Arthur.
FAZACKERLEY: Oh, Your Grace? Oof! Miss Pollard!
CHARLEY: Made you look!
(Running.)
FAZACKERLEY: Miss Pollard, you really must leave. You're going the wrong way. Please, come back. You can't go up there.
CHARLEY: Try and stop me.
FAZACKERLEY: The Exhibition's closed, Miss. You can't get out from the Gallery. Oh, someone stop her!
CHARLEY: Oh no, you don't. Out of my way!
FAZACKERLEY: Excuse me, sir, excuse me, madam. Lovely hat. Oh, apologies, madam. Stop her! Grab her!
CHARLEY: Oh, where's the Tardis? This is the right Gallery. Where's the Tardis!
FAZACKERLEY: That was a very silly thing to do, Miss Pollard. I told you that you can't get out from up here. All the exits are on the ground floor.
CHARLEY: But where's the Tardis? Has it been moved? It must be here somewhere.
FAZACKERLEY: Oh, that's enough, now. Time to go.
CHARLEY: Take your hands off me! I'm not going anywhere without the Tardis.
FAZACKERLEY: Now look, I don't want to have you arrested.
CHARLEY: Have you seen it? A large blue box.
FAZACKERLEY: A, a l-large blue box? I, I really don't know what you're talking about. What large blue box? You must have imagined it.
CHARLEY: He can't have gone without me.
FAZACKERLEY: Everyone has left. I've already explained that the Exhibition is closed for the rest of the day.
CHARLEY: I'm not going anywhere without the Tardis!
FAZACKERLEY: You can't stay here.
CHARLEY: You don't understand. I'm really not going anywhere without the Tardis.

(Splash of water, C'Rizz gasps.)
JACOB: Wakey, wakey.
C'RIZZ: What? What?
JACOB: Time to get up, me friend. There's work to be done.
C'RIZZ: What happened? Where am I? What have you done to me?
JACOB: You were getting a mite excitable, me friend. It was necessary to calm you down.
C'RIZZ: You hit me!
JACOB: A gentle tap, no more. Not hard enough to break your head. The last thing Crackles wants is damaged goods. No bruises, I take it? Can't have bruises.
C'RIZZ: You hit me from behind. I'll kill you!
JACOB: Now, now, steady. Steady, boy, steady. You're getting excitable again. Lucky I put those chains on you. Lucky for you, I mean. I don't want to use this whip unless I'm provoked.
C'RIZZ: Let me out of here. Help! Help me!
JACOB: Shout as loud as you like. No one can hear you. And even if they did, they wouldn't do anything about it. Not here, not in this place. We're going to do a little bit of business, you and me. Mostly you.
C'RIZZ: Never!
JACOB: You're very provoking. You haven't heard my proposition yet.
C'RIZZ: I don't want to hear your proposition. Take these chains off me!
JACOB: Now that's not very respectful to my intelligence. If I was to take the chains off you, those strong looking hands of yours would be free to choke the living daylights out of one Jacob Crackles Esquire. Now put yourself in my position. It'd be a mite unwise of me to agree to such

a state of affairs, wouldn't it? Tell me if I'm wrong.
C'RIZZ: What do you want?
JACOB: Take your clothes off.
C'RIZZ: What?
JACOB: You heard me. Take your clothes off.
C'RIZZ: No! I will not! What sort of Eutermesan do you take me for?
JACOB: Don't provoke me, boy. Just do as I say. Take them off. Take them all off!
C'RIZZ: Everything?
JACOB: Yes, everything. Every last stitch. Let's have a good look at you.
C'RIZZ: You must be mad. I can't.
(Whiplash.)
C'RIZZ: Ow! That hurt!
JACOB: Do as I say!
C'RIZZ: I can't, unless some of these chains are released. Well, how can I take my clothes off over chains?
JACOB: Look, if you can't take them off, you can tear them off. Oh, don't worry. You won't be putting them back on again. Now do it!
C'RIZZ: All right. All right. I'm doing it. So what am I going to wear instead?
JACOB: You can wear this.
C'RIZZ: You are joking. I'm not wearing that!
JACOB: You'll wear it, boy, or suffer the painful consequences of your defiance!
C'RIZZ: Whatever. I hear that thongs are in this season.

(Horse drawn vehicle.)
DRIVER: Hi! Out of the way, you stupid cow.
CHARLEY: Don't swear at me. Who do you think you are? You don't own the road!
DRIVER: Why don't you watch where you're going?
RUFUS: Young lady, are you quite all right? You might have been crushed beneath the wheels of that frightful coach. You really ought to be more careful.
CHARLEY: Lunatic!
RUFUS: I beg your pardon?
CHARLEY: Oh, not you. Him. That idiot driver. He was too close to the pavement. Ah! Oh, my foot.
RUFUS: Are you able to stand?
CHARLEY: Yes, thank you, I'm fine.
RUFUS: Perhaps you've twisted your ankle?
CHARLEY: No, no, I'm fine. It's these shoes, they're pinching my feet. I should have changed them when I had the chance. Too late now. What are you looking at?
RUFUS: Just checking to see that your ankle is
CHARLEY: Do you mind! Kindly avert your eyes from my ankles, Mister er?
RUFUS: Dimplesqueeze. Rufus Dimplesqueeze. Oh, please don't take offence, young lady. No offence was intended, I can assure you.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have spoken to you like that. It's the shock, I suppose. I'm very grateful for your help. Please don't let me detain you any further.
RUFUS: May I enquire what brings a charming young lady like you to a dangerous highway such as this? A vulnerable young woman wandering the streets alone? Who knows what perfidious outrages could befall her?
CHARLEY: I was at the Crystal Palace with my friends, but they might have left without me. I've been walking round and round and round in the park looking for them, but there are too many people, too many faces. I couldn't
RUFUS: I think I'd better find you somewhere to sit down. You're quite pale all of a sudden.
CHARLEY: No, I'm fine.
RUFUS: You don't look it. Steady yourself by holding on to my arm.
CHARLEY: Oh, thank you, Mister?
RUFUS: Dimplesqueeze. Rufus Dimplesqueeze.
CHARLEY: Mister Dimplesqueeze. Thank you very much. This is extremely kind of you. I'll be all right in a minute. I'm just feeling a little bit light-headed.
RUFUS: The noise and the dust from the road won't help. Have you eaten today?
CHARLEY: This morning.
RUFUS: But that was hours ago! Is it any wonder that you're feeling light-headed. You must be

ravenous. If you'll allow me, I know a little place not far from here where are served the most delicious pork chops.

FAZACKERLEY: You're not helping yourself, sir. You're being vague. A bit mysterious. Enigmatic. If I was of a suspicious mind, I'd say you're trying to hide something. You won't even tell me what your name is.
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, I know you're the Doctor, but that's not a name, it's a title.
(Door squeaks open.)
WELLINGTON: What's that you say?
(Door closes.)
FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace. I'm still trying to establish why the suspect would want to attack our French visitors.
DOCTOR: I haven't attacked anyone.
WELLINGTON: The why is easy, Fazackerley. Kill Monsieur de Roche, upset Louis-Napoléon, draw our government into conflict with France over the safety of its citizens on British soil, fan the flames of revolutionary fervour, bring about the end of the monarchy and the start of a republic. Mob rule! And I for one am not going to let that happen.
DOCTOR: So whose side am I supposed to be on? The British or the French?
WELLINGTON: Doesn't matter. There are strong republican sympathies on both sides. No one has tried to assassinate a member of the Royal family for a while, but it's only a question of time. Give in to the mob now, and they'll soon be erecting a guillotine outside Buckingham Palace, mark my words!
DOCTOR: I'm not the revolutionary hothead you're looking for, Duke.
FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace.
DOCTOR: Sorry, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Perhaps not. But you'll do until we can arrest the real culprit, or someone turns up to vouch for your innocence. In the mean time, Doctor, you'll appear before a Magistrate first thing tomorrow morning, and then be sent to prison pending trial.
DOCTOR: Trial for what?
WELLINGTON: Well, if Monsieur de Roche fails to turn up, or else his body is found, presumably trial for murder.

(Lots of background voices. Clatter of knife and fork on a plate.)
RUFUS: My goodness, what a healthy appetite. You must have been quite hungry. You've eaten every morsel of your food.
CHARLEY: (slightly tipsy) Mmm, it was really good. Oh, I'm feeling much better now.
RUFUS: Another glass of ale, perhaps?
CHARLEY: Oh, thank you, but no. I've had quite enough, Mister er
RUFUS: Dimplesqueeze.
CHARLEY: Ah, Rufus Dimplesqueeze. I remember. You've been very kind and attentive, and I'm grateful.
RUFUS: Oh, it was the least I could do, young lady. I'm afraid I still don't know your name.
CHARLEY: Charlotte.
RUFUS: Charlotte? How delightful. Tiny and feminine.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry?
RUFUS: In French. Charlotte means tiny and feminine. Never was a name more suited to its bearer than in your case.
CHARLEY: Flattery will get you nowhere, Mister Rufus Dimplesqueeze.
RUFUS: Oh, what a pity. Pity. Never mind. Tell me about the friends you were looking for at the Crystal Palace. They can't be far away.
CHARLEY: I don't understand now they could have gone without me. It doesn't make sense.
RUFUS: You must know where they live. They may simply have returned home.
CHARLEY: It isn't as simple as that. The Doctor, C'Rizz and I have travelled together for a long time, and over great distances. We don't actually live anywhere.
RUFUS: You're travellers?
CHARLEY: Yes. Not like gypsies. Ha! Not that I've anything against gypsies. Why, some of my best friends are. I'm worried about them, Mister Dimplesqueeze.
RUFUS: You're worried about gypsies?
CHARLEY: No, the Doctor and C'Rizz. What could have happened to them? Why did they leave

without me? Where are they now?
RUFUS: Lost your friends, hmm? Nowhere to go?
CHARLEY: That's about the size of it, yes.
RUFUS: Do you know anyone else in London? Anyone who can give you a bed for the night?
CHARLEY: No, I'm. (gasps) I met the Duke of Wellington! He lives in London, doesn't he? Apsley House.
RUFUS: Know the Duke, do you?
CHARLEY: Well, know is a bit strong. He might remember me from the Crystal Palace, though. We spoke.
RUFUS: So what are we waiting for? Come along.
CHARLEY: Where are we going?
RUFUS: Where do you think? To pay our respects to the Duke of Wellington.
CHARLEY: Oh, excellent.

(Door creaks open, lots of footsteps.)
C'RIZZ: All right, no need to push.
JACOB: Get in there.
(Locked shut.)
C'RIZZ: I'm cold. Can't you give me something else to wear? Something a bit warmer than a thong?
JACOB: Wrap yourself in the straw. That'll keep you warm until we're ready to start work.
C'RIZZ: What work? Look, what do you want me to do? Mister Crackles, tell me what I'm supposed to do.
JACOB: Ask him.
C'RIZZ: Who? Ask who? Mister Crackles!
(Door slams shut. Straw rustles.)
C'RIZZ: What's that? There's something under the straw! Something big! Oh, great. He's put me in a cage with some. Oh!
MAXI: Who are you?
C'RIZZ: Who are you?

(Knocking on door.)
RUFUS: Hello? Anyone in there? Open this gate! Come on, move yourselves.
CHARLEY: It's no good, Mister Dimplesqueeze, they can't hear us.
RUFUS: Or won't. They're in there all right. Just too afraid to come out.
CHARLEY: These boards on the railings and I can see shutters on the windows. The Duke's living in a fortress.
RUFUS: Sorry, my dear. It seems that you're not going to find lodgings here tonight.
CHARLEY: No, never mind. Thank you for trying.
RUFUS: I'm worried about you, Charlotte. Where are you going to rest your weary head if you've no home? What are you going to do?
CHARLEY: Don't know. Have to keep walking, find a quiet doorstep somewhere. Oh, I don't even know how I'm going to pay you for the food, and the lovely drink. You must let me have your address so I can send you some money.
RUFUS: As to that, Charlotte, my address will not be necessary. I'm quite happy to accept payment in kind.
CHARLEY: But I don't know how else I could offer you. Oh! No! No, not that! Please tell me you're not thinking what I think you're thinking.
RUFUS: That rather depends on what you think I'm thinking.
CHARLEY: Isn't it obvious? You're thinking that I'm a tart! A harlot, a strumpet, a streetwalker!
RUFUS: Keep your voice down.
CHARLEY: How could you, when all the time I thought you wanted to help me! How could you think I'm a prostitute?
RUFUS: All that nonsense about hurting your foot, losing your friends at the Crystal Palace, knowing the Duke of Wellington. What was I meant to think? You look like a trollope.
CHARLEY: Oh!
(Slaps his face.)
CHARLEY: Say that again and you'll get another one.
RUFUS: You're a feisty little wench, I'll grant you that much. Let me buy you another drink as an apology.

CHARLEY: I want nothing more from you, Mister Rufus Dimplesqueeze. I've a good mind to call the police. Now please leave me alone.
RUFUS: But where will you go, my dear?
CHARLEY: As far away from you as possible. Goodbye, Mister Dimplesqueeze, and good riddance!

MAXI: Put this blanket around you.
C'RIZZ: Oh, thank you.
MAXI: Have some of this food when you're ready. You'll need it.
C'RIZZ: Are you sure? You don't have much.
MAXI: I've eaten. What's your name?
C'RIZZ: Er, C'Rizz.
MAXI: Don't worry about me, C'Rizz. My appetite's as small as I am. Maxi the midget, that's what they call me.
C'RIZZ: Maxi the midget?
MAXI: That's right. Call this my unique feature. It's what sets me apart from the rest of society. Er, what about you, C'Rizz? What's your unique feature, apart from the obvious?
C'RIZZ: Obvious?
MAXI: Well, you're quite unusual looking. People'll pay good money to come and see you.
C'RIZZ: Why would they do that?
MAXI: The boss says it's for their education, enlightenment and edification. I say it's for their amusement and curiosity. It's all the same.
C'RIZZ: I'm not a curiosity. I'm not something to be stared at in a cage.
MAXI: The work isn't hard. It gives me food and shelter.
C'RIZZ: It's humiliating. You're being treated like an animal. How can you let him do that to you?
MAXI: What choice do I have? It's be difficult for me to lead a normal life anywhere else. This is my normal life. I know no other.
C'RIZZ: Well, it isn't my life, and I'm getting out of here now. Crackles! Crackles!
MAXI: Shh! Please don't annoy him.
C'RIZZ: Why not? Let him do what he likes. I'm not afraid of him.
MAXI: No, but I am.

(Footsteps. Cell door opens.)
DOCTOR: This is a travesty of the English legal system. I'm innocent, I tell you.
FAZACKERLEY: Save it for the Magistrate, Doctor. You'll be in good company in there. Everyone else is innocent as well. See you in the morning.
(Cell door closes.)
DOCTOR: I demand to talk to someone in authority! Bring me the Duke of Wellington. Do you hear me, Mister Fazackerley? Come back!
GRISWALD: Shut up. We're trying to sleep.
DOCTOR: I'm very sorry, but there is a principal at stake. I've been falsely accused, falsely arrested and falsely detained. And, if they have their way, tomorrow morning I'm going to be falsely sent for trial.
GRISWALD: Well, well, well. Look who it is. My friend from the Crystal Palace. The one that helped the Frenchies to escape. Come to join Griswald, have you?
DOCTOR: If you're already in police custody, then I shouldn't be here at all. Mister Fazackerley!
GRISWALD: It won't do you any good. I wasn't arrested for trying to shoot the French, you were.
DOCTOR: I can identify you.
GRISWALD: It's your word against mine. I'll deny it.
DOCTOR: There are witnesses. Monsieur and Madame de Roche.
GRISWALD: Who can't be found.
DOCTOR: How do you know that?
GRISWALD: You wouldn't be here. They'd have spoken up for you, told the police what really happened.
DOCTOR: Ah.
GRISWALD: Lost them, did you? That was careless. Could stir things up a bit for your lot.
DOCTOR: My lot?
GRISWALD: You think you own it all, that you own us. Well, you're wrong. Nobody owns me. Got that?

DOCTOR: I think you're confusing me with someone else, Mister Griswald.
GRISWALD: You're a toff. Look at you. What are you, a Lord or a Duke or something? No, no, they wouldn't arrest a Lord or a Duke. One of their own.
DOCTOR: Wouldn't they?
GRISWALD: On the other hand, they might pretend to arrest a Lord or a Duke and put him in here as a spy.

JACOB: Ladies and gentlemen! For your education, enlightenment and edification, Jacob Crackles is proud to present to you the smallest man in the known world. Maxi the midget!
(Crowd mild reaction.)
JACOB: Proportionately correct in every detail. How is it possible that a grown man retains the dimensions of a babe in arms? He walks, he talks, he eats, he sleeps! He is in every respect bar one a normal human being. His only shortcoming, ladies and gentlemen, is that he's short!
(Applause.)
JACOB: Thank you, Maxi. Thank you. And now, ladies and gentlemen, a very special surprise. Now, no expense has been spared to bring to you, for the first time tonight, the latest addition to my parade of oddities. Yes. Yes, be horrified. Be amazed. Ladies and gentlemen, for your education, enlightenment and edification, Jacob Crackles is proud to present to you the half man, half beast that is C'Rizz!
(Gasps and consternation.)
JACOB: It's all right, ladies and gentlemen, it's all right. Don't be alarmed. The chains are very strong. He can't hurt you.
C'RIZZ: (sotto) Wanna bet? I'll kill you for this.
JACOB: (sotto) Try, me friend. One false move, one more threat, and I'll flay the skin off your back.

GRISWALD: Call them. Tell them the games up and you want to be let out.
DOCTOR: I am just as much a prisoner as you are. Do you mind not invading my personal space? There's plenty of room in here for all one, two, three, four, five, all six of us. I get terribly claustrophobic.
GRISWALD: So what's the game then, eh? You find out who paid me to take pot-shots at the Monsieur, I hang for it, you and the other toffs get to put down a revolution.
DOCTOR: I don't know what you're talking about.
GRISWALD: Ordinary people taking control of their lives, that what I'm talking about. But you wouldn't know about ordinary people. We're just, we're just there to work hard, die young and make the rich richer.
DOCTOR: I make a point of never becoming involved in local politics. This is no exception. Whatever your problems are, Mister Griswald, I can't help you.
GRISWALD: Oh, there's no doubt you're a sharp one.
DOCTOR: Sharper still when I get us out of here. Skeleton keys.
GRISWALD: Ah, now where'd you get those from? Did they give you those?
DOCTOR: Sleight of hand. I was waiting for the right moment to use them. I sense that the right moment has arrived. Just give me a few moments, gentlemen, and you can stay or leave as you wish. I for my part have a very particular wish to leave.
GRISWALD: Nah, it's a trap. As soon as we set foot outside the door, we'll be shot. That'll solve the problem of an expensive trial.
DOCTOR: The choice is yours, Mister Griswald.
(Cell door opens.)
DOCTOR: Voilà! The gate is open. Perhaps I should go first?
GRISWALD: Ah, no you don't. You'll go last, with me.
DOCTOR: You're creasing my coat.
GRISWALD: Go. Go on, all of you, go.
(Running boots)
GRISWALD: If this is a trap, I'll make sure you don't get away with it.
DOCTOR: It isn't a trap. You'd have heard the shots by now.
GRISWALD: Let's hope you're right.
(Crash of cell door, rattle of lock.)
DOCTOR: Hey! You've locked me in! That's my key!
GRISWALD: Oh, isn't it terribly sad. You can't trust anyone these days. If I come back, it'll be

with a pistol.
DOCTOR: Mister Griswald! Oh, how did that happen?

CHARLEY: Oh well, Charlotte, a quiet doorstep it is, then,
(Cats yowling, people arguing, babies crying.)

DOCTOR: Good morning, Mister Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: Stand up. There's someone here to see you.
DOCTOR: Charley? C'Rizz?
FAZACKERLEY: Is that him, Mrs Marlow?
GEORGINA: Yes. That's him, Mister Fazackerley. That's my husband.

[Part Three]

(Door unlocked.)
FAZACKERLEY: It seems that we owe you an apology, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You do?
FAZACKERLEY: Your wife can vouch for you.
DOCTOR: She can?
FAZACKERLEY: I don't know why you didn't mention that you had a wife before. It would have saved you, and me, a lot of trouble.
GEORGINA: My husband has a memory problem, Mister Fazackerley. He hasn't been well.
FAZACKERLEY: You really must keep an eye on him. Make sure he doesn't wander again. Come along, you're free to go.
DOCTOR: Does that mean you believe me?
FAZACKERLEY: You'd better go before I change my mind and have you locked up again.
DOCTOR: Of course, Mister Fazackerley. I'm very happy to be reunited with my wife. How are you, er, dearest?
GEORGINA: Oh, Edward. Edward, thank goodness you're all right. We've been so worried about you, so desperately worried. I'd started to give up hope of ever finding you, but now I can take you home, back to the little house where you belong.
DOCTOR: Is it a tall blue box with a light on top?
GEORGINA: Edward?
FAZACKERLEY: Look after him.
GEORGINA: I shall, Mister Fazackerley, and I'm very grateful to you for all your help. Come along, Edward. There's a cab waiting outside.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry about the others, Mister Fazackerley. I did try to stop them from escaping.
FAZACKERLEY: You weren't responsible for last night's breakout, Doctor. The fact that you were the only one left behind is proof of your innocence. They won't get far. Well then, Doctor and Mrs Marlow, don't you have a home to go to?

C'RIZZ: Maxi? Maxi!
MAXI: What?
C'RIZZ: It's me, C'Rizz. You have to help me get away while he's asleep.
MAXI: He'll kill us.
C'RIZZ: Not if I kill him first. My friends will be looking for me, wondering where I am. They won't think to look in a place like this. I could be stuck here forever. Oh, please, Maxi.
MAXI: What can I do?
C'RIZZ: Well, you're small enough to squeeze through the bars.
MAXI: I suppose so. I've never tried it.
C'RIZZ: You've never tried to escape?
MAXI: It would never work, C'Rizz. It's all very well for you, but I wouldn't last five minutes out there. We're better off where we are, and that includes you, if you know what's good for you.
C'RIZZ: I would rather die than be treated like an animal.
MAXI: Death is an alternative to what we have.
C'RIZZ: It isn't. Crackles doesn't own you. If it weren't for you, he'd have no show, no business, no money. He'd have nothing.
MAXI: Ah. Once I'm through the bars, then what?
C'RIZZ: Good man. Now, he carries a bunch of keys at his waist.

MAXI: Yeah, I know. You want me to take them without waking him?
C'RIZZ: Do you think you can?
MAXI: I can try.
C'RIZZ: We'll cut this big man down to size.
MAXI: Oi.
C'RIZZ: Oh, sorry, Maxi.

(In a horse-drawn cab.)
GEORGINA: You're very quiet, Edward. There must be so many things that you want to say, so much to tell me about the months since we last saw each other.
DOCTOR: We last saw each other yesterday, at the Crystal Palace. I failed to intercept your son, remember?
GEORGINA: Our son, Edward. Your son.
DOCTOR: My son? I don't have a son. I don't have a wife, for that matter. Thank you for rescuing me from the police, Mrs Marlow, but I am not your husband.
GEORGINA: It's worse than I dared to expect.
DOCTOR: What is?
GEORGINA: You look like him, you sound like him, you dress like him. Have you forgotten everything you ever were, Edward? Is there nothing left of the man I once knew, the man I once loved, the man I still love?
DOCTOR: The answer to your question is yes, yes, yes and yes. Mrs Marlow, I don't know what you're talking about. I'm really not your husband. Please, understand. It isn't that I don't like you. As a matter of fact, you've been very good to me, and in other circumstances I might grow to like you very much, but in the present circumstances, I have absolutely no idea who you are.
GEORGINA: I'm Georgina. Georgy. You and I were married fifteen years ago at the Camden Chapel. We have a house in Camden Town where we've lived for most of that time. You're a doctor whose travelled the world and written about your discoveries.
DOCTOR: Am I famous?
GEORGINA: Well, you will be, one day. I'm sure of it. People will come to recognise your particular skills. The point is, Edward, that you have a life. It's been waiting for you ever since you disappeared. I've been waiting for you. Others thought that you must be dead, but I knew you'd come home. I knew you'd return to us and now you have done.
DOCTOR: Mrs Marlow. Oh, goodness. No, you're wrong. I'm not who you think I am.
GEORGINA: You've been ill, Edward. I know that. You were ill before you went away, and it affected your mind, your memory. We tried to help you but we couldn't.
DOCTOR: You said none of this when we met yesterday. Has someone put you up to it?
GEORGINA: I was too shocked to say anything when I saw you yesterday. Although I was looking for you, I wasn't expecting to find you. My concern at the time was for Henry. The Glass Palace is not a place in which to become lost.
DOCTOR: As I've discovered lately. But surely Henry would recognise his own father?
GEORGINA: He wasn't sure. He hadn't seen you for almost a year, and had started to accept that you were gone for good and all. I felt certain, however, that it was you. I followed you into the Park. I watched you gathering pennies together to buy a ticket. Henry always loved that trick of yours with the hands.
DOCTOR: Pure coincidence.
GEORGINA: Or your memory is slowly returning. You can at least recall that you were a doctor and a traveller. I was able to establish that much from the police after you'd been arrested. I saw what happened, Edward. You were very brave. I might have lost you again, having only just found you.
DOCTOR: Then you must have seen the Tardis.
GEORGINA: The Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes, it's true I am a traveller, and I've been called the Doctor. As for the rest, it's your desperate wish to find your husband that's prompting you to imagine what isn't there. Don't you understand? It's wishful thinking.
GEORGINA: Your hair is longer. The beard makes a difference.
DOCTOR: I don't have a beard.
GEORGINA: You shaved it off. It's better. You look more youthful without a beard.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
GEORGINA: But then, you always were very handsome. Everyone thought so.
DOCTOR: Stop it.

GEORGINA: The past months have been kind to you, Edward. You've lost the careworn look you had. You seem happier than before you went away. Now we can all be happy together.
DOCTOR: You keep saying we. Who are we?
GEORGINA: Edward, Henry, you and I.
DOCTOR: I'm confused. You said that *my* name was Edward.
GEORGINA: Edward is also your son. Your other son. We called him Eddie. They'll be so happy to see you.
DOCTOR: I have a wife and two children?
GEORGINA: A wife and two children who love you very much. I'll write to your uncle immediately to let him know that you're still alive. It'll be such a relief, I can't tell you. If only I could be there to see the look on his face when he receives the joyous news.
DOCTOR: A wife and two children. I never really thought of myself as a family man. It's an odd feeling, not entirely unpleasant. Stop the cab. I have to get out.
GEORGINA: Edward?
DOCTOR: Look, it's your family, Georgina, not mine. I don't want such a responsibility. How do you know I'm not a dangerous criminal?
GEORGINA: Because you're not a dangerous criminal, you're my husband.
DOCTOR: I'm not your husband.
GEORGINA: We're here, Edward. We're home.
DOCTOR: This is it?
GEORGINA: Yes.
DOCTOR: Looks very nice.
GEORGINA: I'll go inside first to give them some warning.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Georgina, Mrs Marlow. I can't do this. You'll have to tell them you made a mistake, that I turned out to be a great disappointment. I'm sorry, I have to return to the Crystal Palace.
GEORGINA: Don't go, Edward. Please, don't go! Oh, Edward, not again.

FAZACKERLEY: (slightly muffled.) Go away or I'll set the dogs on you.
CHARLEY: Mister Fazackerley?
FAZACKERLEY: I'm warning you, they're particularly ferocious dogs.
CHARLEY: Mister Fazackerley, it's Charley.
FAZACKERLEY: Who?
CHARLEY: Miss Pollard.
FAZACKERLEY: Who?
CHARLEY: The Crystal Palace, yesterday?
(Door unbolted and creaks open.)
FAZACKERLEY: Oh, what do you want? Oh, good heavens. What a slovenly, bedraggled creature you are. Your hair, your face. Oh, that dress.
CHARLEY: Thanks.
FAZACKERLEY: What on Earth happened to you?
CHARLEY: Don't ask. I need to see the Duke.
FAZACKERLEY: His Grace isn't seeing anyone, least of all someone who'll besmirch his carpets.
CHARLEY: Tell him that Charley needs to see Arthur.
FAZACKERLEY: I've asked you before not to refer to His Grace in such a disrespectful
CHARLEY: Ask him if he's seen any fold-out pianofortes recently.
FAZACKERLEY: I beg your pardon?
CHARLEY: Just ask him. Where are the dogs?
FAZACKERLEY: Walmer Castle, down on the Kent coast. Wait here.

C'RIZZ: Come on, Maxi, where are you? Come on, come on, come on. Oh, there you are. Maxi, have you got the keys?
MAXI: Sorry, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Oh, you didn't get them?
JACOB: Fraid not, me friend.
MAXI: He woke up.
JACOB: Now it's time for you to wake up. You think Jacob Crackles can be taken for a fool? Yeah, well, you're in for a very unpleasant surprise. You're my star attraction. Yeah, I've even had a playbill made up to include your likeness. What do you think of it?

C'RIZZ: That's not me. It's some sort of monster.
JACOB: Some sort of monster? Exactly right. My star attraction. And I asked meself, what sort of fool would I be to lose my star attraction, hmm? Very big fool, says I. Tell me if I'm wrong.

(Door creaks open.)
WELLINGTON: What's that dreadful smell, Fazackerley?
FAZACKERLEY: Miss Pollard, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Ah, come in, Charley m'dear. Come in. Hmm. Welcome to Apsley House. Have some breakfast.
CHARLEY: Sorry to interrupt.
WELLINGTON: Not at all, m'dear. Set another place, Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: And have the maid run a bath for our young guest. You look like you could do with freshening up. Bad night, eh?
CHARLEY: It could have been worse, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Don't start all that Your Grace nonsense. Arthur will do in private, as long as you don't forget yourself in public.
CHARLEY: (laughing) No, Your Grace. Arthur.
WELLINGTON: Sit you down, sit you down. There's curried eggs, devilled kidneys. Take whatever you want. Need a good breakfast inside you. An army marches on its stomach.
FAZACKERLEY: Shall I open a window or two, Your Grace? The smell?
WELLINGTON: No, leave them closed. I'd rather have the place stink than risk letting in the rabble. Go and see to that bath, will you?
(Door creaks closed.)
CHARLEY: I'm sure he means well.
WELLINGTON: What's that you say?
CHARLEY: Thank you for breakfast, Arthur, but I didn't come here for that.
WELLINGTON: No. Fazackerley said something about a folding pianoforte. Well, apart from him, the only people who would have heard me say that were Monsieur and Madame de Roche.
CHARLEY: And whoever was inside the blue box at the time.
WELLINGTON: Yes, what the deuce were you doing in there, hmm? Some sort of an enemy agent, are you? A spy?
CHARLEY: Would I present myself at your door if I were a spy, Arthur?
WELLINGTON: You might if you were a clever spy, or a very stupid one.
CHARLEY: Well, I'm neither. The blue box happens to be a travelling machine.
WELLINGTON: Ah, a travelling machine, eh? What was it doing in musical instruments? Should have been in locomotives and carriages.
CHARLEY: What *was* it doing in musical instruments? So you're aware that it isn't there any more.
WELLINGTON: Is it yours?
CHARLEY: It belongs to the Doctor.
WELLINGTON: The Doctor.
CHARLEY: You know him?
WELLINGTON: A doctor was arrested in connection with the attack upon Monsieur de Roche. Queer fellow.
CHARLEY: That sounds like the Doctor. Where is he now?
WELLINGTON: We had to let him go. Wife turned up this morning to vouch for his good character.
CHARLEY: His wife?
WELLINGTON: This Doctor of yours married?
CHARLEY: I'd feel very sorry for his wife if he was.

DOCTOR: You fail to understand, Constable. I don't want to see the Exhibition, I just want to find my property. Everything I have is inside the Tardis, the large blue box which you're apparently unable to find. It's my home. I have nowhere else to go, and no, I do not have a shilling.

WELLINGTON: Oh, ho, ho, ho. Much better, m'dear. You scrub up well, and I knew one of those dresses would fit you like a glove.
CHARLEY: I'm not sure about the comparison, but thank you. Shouldn't we have asked

Madame de Roche if she'd mind my borrowing her dress?
WELLINGTON: Chance'd be a fine thing. Between you and me, she's been missing since yesterday. Can't be found anywhere. Nor him.
CHARLEY: Was it something to do with their attacker, you think? Maybe they've been kidnapped?
WELLINGTON: The funny thing is, they seem to have disappeared while they were inside the Glass Palace. No one actually saw them leaving it. Almost as thought the pair of them had been spirited away.
CHARLEY: Oh dear.
WELLINGTON: Something wrong?
CHARLEY: I hadn't thought of that possibility. Oh, now I have thought of that possibility I wish I hadn't.
WELLINGTON: Speak up. I can't hear a blessed word.
CHARLEY: The Doctor may have taken them with him.
WELLINGTON: Taken them where?
CHARLEY: Anywhere. Past, present, future, who knows? In which case we just have to hope that he brings them back.
WELLINGTON: Pretty damned quick, m'dear, otherwise I don't know how we're going to explain it to Louis-Napoléon. If they don't turn up soon, there'll be one hell of a diplomatic crisis. The mob will start building their tumbrels.
(Door creaks open.)
WELLINGTON: Yes?
FAZACKERLEY: I've come to clear away the breakfast things, Your Grace.
CHARLEY: Oh, do it later, Mister Fazackerley. Can't you see that the Duke and I are talking?
FAZACKERLEY: I do apologise, Miss Pollard. I'll come back later, Your Grace.
(Door creaks shut.)
CHARLEY: Well, there must be something we can do? The Doctor wouldn't want to be the cause of a diplomatic crisis. I'm sure there's a perfectly rational explanation for what's happened. Quite apart from which, the Doctor and C'Rizz wouldn't have abandoned me. They'll have to come back sooner or later.
WELLINGTON: (chuckles) Perhaps there is something we can do.
CHARLEY: Go on.
WELLINGTON: How's your French?

(Bell rings. Footsteps. Door opens.)
GEORGINA: Edward?
DOCTOR: No, but I'll try to help you find your husband.
GEORGINA: I'd like that. Come in.
(Door closes.)
GEORGINA: I've been waiting for you. After our journey from the Police Station, I realised that you would need some time to think about what was said.
DOCTOR: The truth is, Georgina, that I have nowhere else to go. My Tardis, my ship, has left without me. I don't know where my companions are. You are the only person who has shown any kindness towards me since I arrived here.
GEORGINA: And I showed you precious little of that when I first saw you at the Glass Palace. What must you have thought of me? I was confused, surprised. I didn't really know what to say at the time. You must have thought I was quite mad.
DOCTOR: Your mental state certainly is questionable.
GEORGINA: I can forgive you for such remarks, Edward, because it is your own mental state which is in question. There can be no other explanation for your extraordinary behaviour. Despite the long absence, you are still unwell.
DOCTOR: The other, more obvious, explanation is that I'm not who you think I am. I am not your husband.
GEORGINA: If that were true then you would not be here. I would not invite a perfect stranger into my home. But you are here.
DOCTOR: Only because I have nowhere else to go.
GEORGINA: You're a doctor.
DOCTOR: *The* Doctor, yes.
GEORGINA: And you're a traveller.
DOCTOR: Yes.

GEORGINA: You see, it is a beginning. We cannot expect miracles to happen all at once. You have returned. We must now be patient and wait for your memory to follow suit. Eddie and Henry were so excited about seeing you.
DOCTOR: Were they?
GEORGINA: I had to explain that you were not quite yourself at the moment.
DOCTOR: That's one way of putting it.
GEORGINA: They understood, but I thought it best that they should go to my sister's home in the countryside until matters here have been resolved.
DOCTOR: So it's just you and me.
GEORGINA: As you say, Edward, it's just you and me.

CHARLEY: You can't be serious. We'll never get away with it. I can't possibly pretend to be Madame de Roche. Anyone with half a brain will see thought me in no time.
WELLINGTON: Fazackerley, you have half a brain. What do you think of the idea?
FAZACKERLEY: You thought of it, Your Grace, so it must be a good one.
WELLINGTON: Oh, honest opinion, Fazackerley. If we get this wrong, it'll be the ruin of us. We won't have a second chance to convince the public that all's well with our French visitors. They'll suspect we're hiding something from them. Rioting will ensue.
FAZACKERLEY: Hmm. Well, her hair is wrong, for a start.
CHARLEY: You see? I told you. It can't be done.
WELLINGTON: You'll wear a wig. Madame de Roche wears wigs, She'll have brought a few with her. What about height, general appearance?
FAZACKERLEY: Height, about the same, I'd say. Madame de Roche is quite short.
CHARLEY: Petite, if you don't mind.
FAZACKERLEY: General appearance? Well, yes, I suppose so.
CHARLEY: Are you calling me fat, Mister Fazackerley?
WELLINGTON: We'll add extra layers, pad you out a bit.
CHARLEY: (sotto) More than a bit, I think.
WELLINGTON: Miss Pollard, you and your Doctor friend are partly to blame for the predicament we're in. The very least you can do is to help me to get us out of it, hmm? A little more cooperation would be appreciated.
CHARLEY: I *am* cooperating, aren't I? I'd like to see either of you two wearing a wig and a dress.
FAZACKERLEY: Oh, I really don't think you would, Miss.
WELLINGTON: We're wasting valuable time. There are already rumours abroad that something's happened to Monsieur and Madame de Roche, so the sooner one or other of them is seen to be alive and well, the better.
CHARLEY: Don't tell me. I'll have to stand at a visible window every hour or so and wave a gloved hand majestically at passers-by. Well, that won't convince anyone.
WELLINGTON: Which is why you and I are going for a little ride, m'dear.
CHARLEY: Ride? On a horse, you mean?
WELLINGTON: If we're going to do this thing, we're going to do it properly. Now, can you manage to sit on a steed without falling off?
CHARLEY: I took riding lessons when I was younger.
WELLINGTON: How many?
CHARLEY: One.
WELLINGTON: Ah.
CHARLEY: But it'll be fine once my feet are in the stirrups.
WELLINGTON: You'll be sitting side-saddle, of course.
CHARLEY: Ah.
WELLINGTON: Have a root through Madame de Roche's luggage, Fazackerley. Dresses, wigs, you know the sort of thing. Don't be all day about it.
FAZACKERLEY: I'll be as quick as I can, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Yes, and once you've done that, have the horses made ready. We'll take our ride along the Rotten Row this afternoon, eh? Busy time of the day, what? Plenty of people can see us.
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, Your Grace.
(Door closes.)
CHARLEY: Great. Plenty of people can see us. Oh, they'll know I'm a fraud, Arthur. I'll run it for you.

WELLINGTON: No, you won't. You have a natural authority, m'dear. The way you spoke to Fazackerley earlier. (laughs) Now, as long as you don't lose your nerve, you'll survive. Trust me. Keeping my nerve got me though many a scrape in the old days. The men under my command would have followed me anywhere. They believed in me because I believed in myself. Couldn't let them see that I was nervous or afraid. Had to be strong.
CHARLEY: The Iron Duke.
WELLINGTON: One of my more flattering epithets, yes. You intrigue me, my dear. You're an uncommonly well-educated young woman. All that travel, I suppose. Broadens your mind. I was always a traveller myself. Couldn't bear to be at home for long. Too old to go anywhere now, of course. My next journey of any great distance will be the final one, to that great battlefield in the sky.
CHARLEY: Rubbish. You could live for years yet. You can't be any more than about eighty.
WELLINGTON: Eighty two, m'dear, as you well know. As you also well know that I won't live for years yet.
CHARLEY: How could I know such a thing? I'm not a fortune teller.
WELLINGTON: No, a fortune teller is someone who sees the future before it has happened. When we first met, Charley, you said that you'd always wanted to see the Great Exhibition. That you'd *always* wanted to see it, as though you were thinking of it from somewhere in the far distant future. My future.
CHARLEY: You're reading too much into a simple comment, Arthur. Let's talk about the present.
WELLINGTON: What will happen?
CHARLEY: Well, I'm going to dress up as Madame de Roche and then we'll go for a nice little ride.
WELLINGTON: You know what I mean. What will happen?
CHARLEY: To you?
WELLINGTON: To my country, to the world, fifty years hence. A hundred years.
CHARLEY: I don't know what I should say.
WELLINGTON: It was always my stratagem to plan ahead, to see the battlefield before the battle. What can it matter? My life is done. You can tell me.
CHARLEY: The world has never been at peace, not completely, you're right. And although the Great Exhibition was designed to create healthy competition and promote harmony between nations, it failed.
WELLINGTON: Of course it did.
CHARLEY: Oh, it was a good try. But it was more a curiosity than a force for chance. Not everyone had the same ideals that made such an exhibition possible.
WELLINGTON: (sighs) How am I remembered? Am I remembered?
CHARLEY: What do you think? Of course you're remembered, as a great hero.
WELLINGTON: Oh ho!
CHARLEY: Alongside Lord Nelson.
WELLINGTON: Met him once, you know. Very briefly. Little chap. Just before he set sail for Trafalgar. Have you seen the bloody monumental column in Trafalgar Square? Horatio's taller than the rest of us now!

JACOB: Maxi the midget, ladies and gentlemen.
(Applause.)
JACOB: Thank you, thank you. Thank you, Maxi. And now, ladies and gentlemen, be horrified, be amazed. Ladies and gentlemen, for your education, enlightenment and edification, Jacob Crackles is proud to present to you the half man, half beast that is Kerizo!
(Gasps of consternation and babble of voices.)
JACOB: (sotto) Rattle your chains a bit more, freak. You don't look terrifying enough. It's all right, people, it's all right. Don't be alarmed. The chains are very strong. He can't hurt you.
C'RIZZ: Help me, please. This man is holding me against my will. I'm a prisoner!
JACOB: (sotto) Shut up.
(Whip cracks.)
C'RIZZ: We're being treated like animals, locked in cages, kept in chains.
JACOB: That's because you are animals. (sotto) Now shut up.
(Whip cracks. C'Rizz roars and grabs Jacob.)
JACOB: No!
C'RIZZ: Help me, Maxi. Use that kettle.
MAXI: I'm trying, C'Rizz. I can't reach it. Hang on, I'll get a box to stand on.

C'RIZZ: I'm not half man, half beast, you hear me, Crackles? I'm all Eutermesan!
MAXI: That's better.
C'RIZZ: Hit him Maxi. Hit him!
MAXI: I don't want to hit the wrong one.
C'RIZZ: Now!
(Clang.)
MAXI: Sorry, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: What did you hit me for?
MAXI: I had no choice. If you kill Crackles, who'll look after us then?

GEORGINA: I've written to your uncle, Edward. It's only right that he should be informed of our good fortune without delay. I hope you don't mind. Edward?
DOCTOR: What? Sorry, Georgina. You were talking to me? I was miles away.
GEORGINA: Somewhere in Africa, perhaps.
DOCTOR: Is that where I? Is that where he went, Africa?
GEORGINA: Almost exactly one year ago, and we had heard nothing since. Not one letter. Memory, I suppose. It wasn't your fault, Edward. I do not blame you for the silence. I blame your illness.
DOCTOR: This is a splendid lunch, Georgina. My compliments to the cook.
GEORGINA: Thank you, Edward, I shall let her know.
DOCTOR: It really is just a figure of speech. I assumed it was you who cooked the meal.
GEORGINA: No, well, as a matter of fact I did. I'm sorry, Edward.
DOCTOR: Why are you apologising? The food is lovely.
GEORGINA: I had to let Cook go. And the housemaid. It was a necessary economy. I had no choice. The little money that remained was fast diminishing.
DOCTOR: There's no need to defend yourself, Georgina. I appreciate the times have been hard. There hasn't been breadwinner in the house for a year. You and the children can't be expected to survive on fresh air.
GEORGINA: It'll be different now that you're home again. Things can return to the way they were.
DOCTOR: No, they can't. Not like this. Not until you find Edward.
GEORGINA: But I have found him. He's here.
DOCTOR: Tell me about Eddie and Henry.
GEORGINA: They're looking forward to seeing their father. They can tell you about the progress they've made with their studies. Eddie has decided that he would like to travel.
DOCTOR: How old are they?
GEORGINA: One year older than when you last saw them, of course. Eddie is fourteen, Henry is ten. They're growing up. Henry takes after you.
DOCTOR: Georgina, I
GEORGINA: Edward.
DOCTOR: You may not be able to survive on it, but I think we need some fresh air.
GEORGINA: You're right. It is rather warm. We could go to the waxworks, perhaps. Or the Coliseum to see the latest panorama. Or Mister Wyld's model of the Globe. Or the Polytechnic Institution. Or the British Museum. We haven't been there for a while.
DOCTOR: We need to be outdoors. Somewhere like Hyde Park will do nicely. Let's go to Hyde Park.

(Horses hooves.)
JACOB: Good afternoon, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Good afternoon.
WOMAN: Bonjour, madame.
CHARLEY: Oh, bonjour, bonjour.
WELLINGTON: So far, so good, m'dear. That's the fifth one in a row who thought you were Madame de Roche. If I didn't know any better, I'd be hard pressed to detect the difference.
CHARLEY: Don't push it, Arthur. All it'll take is one person who wants to hold a proper conversation in French, and we're history.
WELLINGTON: Curious expression. I thought some of us were that anyway.
FAZACKERLEY: It's the wig, Your Grace. The perfect finishing touch to the ensemble. Even I could wear it and look like Madame de Roche.
WELLINGTON: Spare us, Fazackerley. And do you have to ride so close? Fall back, man.

FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace.
CHARLEY: I shouldn't have told you those things, you know. I've probably broken a few laws of Time.
WELLINGTON: You haven't told me anything I couldn't have worked out for myself. So the world of the twentieth century and beyond will continue to learn precious little from its past. Mayhap some mistakes have to be repeated before lessons are learned. Bonaparte came back for a second contest, finally got the message.
CHARLEY: Sitting side-saddle isn't as uncomfortable as I thought it would be.
WELLINGTON: You're a natural, my dear. One of those annoying people who are good at whatever they turn their hands to.
CHARLEY: Oh, you can talk. Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron of Everything. Not to mention Prime Minister.
WELLINGTON: Yeah, ex-Prime Minister, thank God. Not my finest hour, I'm afraid. Give me a battlefield to the House of Commons any day of the week.
CHARLEY: I don't believe it.
WELLINGTON: It's the truth, I tell you. I was always more of a soldier than a. What are you doing? Get back on your horse, Madame. Fazackerley!
FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace? You really must remount, Miss Pollard. I mean, Madame de Roche.
CHARLEY: Look at the poster on this tree.
FAZACKERLEY: It's a playbill, madam, for a freak show in Piccadilly Circus.
WELLINGTON: What the deuce is going on, madame? Get back on your horse before someone sees you.
CHARLEY: The face.
FAZACKERLEY: I know. It's hideous.
CHARLEY: It's not hideous at all. It's C'Rizz!

(Walking slowly)
GEORGINA: There have been times when I couldn't imagine ever being able to do this again.
DOCTOR: To visit Hyde Park?
GEORGINA: To walk arm in arm with my husband.
DOCTOR: It was you who put your arm through mine.
GEORGINA: You didn't try to stop me.
DOCTOR: One day your husband will return, Georgina. You mustn't give up looking for him.
GEORGINA: Why do you speak so, Edward? What need is there to look for that which has been found? One day your memory will return and you will see things as they are.
DOCTOR: Life has been hard for you.
GEORGINA: No harder than for many. Losing the servants is hardly a sacrifice. I gave them excellent references and they were able to find other positions. At least we still have a roof over our heads, for the moment.
DOCTOR: You're a good woman, Georgina. Any man would be proud to call you his wife.
GEORGINA: As far as I'm concerned, Edward, there is only man. The sun is so hot today. There's a seat in shade of that tree.
DOCTOR: I'll join you in a moment. Doesn't the Crystal Palace look magnificent from this distance? Like a million polished diamonds glittering in the sunlight. A magnificent example of Victorian engineering concealing a thousand others. Not to mention one example of extraterrestrial engineering which could take me away from this place if only I knew when and where it is.
GEORGINA: Edward!
DOCTOR: Georgina!
GRISWALD: Stay back!
DOCTOR: Griswald? Let her go.
GRISWALD: Stay where you are, Doctor. Take one more step and I'll cut the lady's throat from ear to ear.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR: What can she possibly have done to harm you? Leave her alone!
GRISWALD: I'm warning you, Doctor. Don't make me do it.
DOCTOR: Georgina has no part in this, Griswald.

GRISWALD: She's your wife, isn't she?
DOCTOR: No, she isn't.
GRISWALD: Oh, you're lying. She's your wife, which means she's in it up to her neck.
DOCTOR: What do you want?
GRISWALD: I knew you were a toff. Nice big house in a nice part of town. Must have plenty of money stashed away.
DOCTOR: You're wrong. There is no money.
GRISWALD: I didn't get paid by the Frenchies. I didn't deliver the goods, thanks to you. So I reckon it's only fair that you pay me what I'm owed.
DOCTOR: This is between you and me, Griswald. Let Georgina go and I'll see what I can do.
GRISWALD: Yeah. And you'll do nothing. This poor, defenceless woman is my guarantee that you'll do exactly what I say.
DOCTOR: Be reasonable. How do you expect me to find money in the middle of Hyde Park?
GRISWALD: You'll find it if you have to.
DOCTOR: Perhaps the Police Constable standing behind you could help?
GRISWALD: Oh no, Doctor. I'm not falling for that one. The moment I turn to look behind me, you'll make your move and I'll be done for. You must think I'm a fool.
(Thump, thump. Thud.)
DOCTOR: The thought had crossed my mind.
GEORGINA: Oh, Edward. He grabbed me. I didn't know what to do.
DOCTOR: It's all right, you're safe now. Thank you, Constable.
CONSTABLE: Right you are, sir.
DOCTOR: We'll leave Mister Griswald in your capable hands. Come on, Georgina. I'd better take you home.

WELLINGTON: Well, Fazackerley, the trade bill said Piccadilly Circus. Have you found the right freak show?
FAZACKERLEY: I believe I have, Your Grace. Owned and run by a Mister Jacob Crackles. A short walk from where we are now.
CHARLEY: Did you see C'Rizz?
FAZACKERLEY: Despite the darkness, I felt it imprudent to loiter for long, in case my interest should, ahem, arouse suspicion.
WELLINGTON: You'd better be right about this, Charley. We'll make complete fools of ourselves if you're not.
CHARLEY: Trust me, Arthur.
FAZACKERLEY: Oh, how many more times! It's Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Oh, shut up, Fazackerley.

(Applause.)
JACOB: And now, ladies and gentlemen, be horrified, be amazed. Ladies and gentlemen, for your education, enlightenment and edification, Jacob Crackles is proud to present to you the half man, half beast that is Kerizo!
(Gasps.)
JACOB: It's all right, ladies and gentlemen. Do not be alarmed. Those chains are very strong. Very, very strong indeed. He can't hurt you. Consider the wretched life of a creature whose body is a twisted parody of the human form. Will you ever, in your darkest nightmares, see anything so
WELLINGTON: Stop what you are doing, sir! Stop it at once, I say. This is intolerable.
JACOB: Who are you, sir, who presumes to interrupt a man in the conduct of his legitimate business?
WELLINGTON: I, sir, am the Duke of Wellington.
(A blade is drawn.)
WELLINGTON: And you, sir, will do as you're told.
CHARLEY: Hello, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Charley! Oh my God, Charley, I thought I'd never see you again. What are you doing here? Where's the Doctor?
CHARLEY: Here, put this cloak on.
WELLINGTON: Keys, Fazackerley, keys on his belt.
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, Your Grace.
JACOB: Don't touch those keys. This is an outrage! You have no right.

WELLINGTON: Hold your tongue, showman, or I'll run you through where you stand! Do I make myself clear?
CHARLEY: Those are marks from a whip, C'Rizz. Has he been beating you?
C'RIZZ: Don't worry about it. Maxi's in the cage behind. You have to let him out.
CHARLEY: Let's get you out of these chains first.
JACOB: I'll take it further. I'll take it to the highest authority in the land.
WELLINGTON: Oh? Jacob Crackles versus the Duke of Wellington. I don't think so, Crackles. I fought Napoléon Bonaparte twice, and believe me, sir, you do not even remotely compare with Napoléon Bonaparte.
C'RIZZ: Oh, that's better.
CHARLEY: Open the cage please, Mister Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: I know, I know.
C'RIZZ: So, where's the Doctor?
CHARLEY: I'll tell you later. We should get away from this place as quickly as possible.
C'RIZZ: Give me that sword and I'll deal with him.
JACOB: Don't give him the sword. He'll kill me! He's a maniac! Look, tell me if I'm wrong.
WELLINGTON: There'll be no bloodshed tonight. Not unless you provoke me, Crackles.
JACOB: I won't provoke you, sir. I won't provoke you.
C'RIZZ: Maxi!
MAXI: C'Rizz, what's happening?
C'RIZZ: You're coming with us.
MAXI: I can't, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Of course you can. Come on. We don't have time to argue about it.
MAXI: There's no argument, C'Rizz. Let me stay, please. Try to understand. This is my life. This is how it has to be.
FAZACKERLEY: We really must go, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Yes, thank you, Mister Fazackerley, we'll be with you in a moment. C'Rizz!
C'RIZZ: Will you be all right with Crackles?
MAXI: I can manage him. Now go.
C'RIZZ: Let's go, Charley.
CHARLEY: Your Grace!
WELLINGTON: I'll be keeping an eye on you, Crackles. The least sign of trouble and I shall make it my personal duty to ensure that you spend what remains of your misbegotten life in the Tower of London. Is that clear?
JACOB: Yes.
CHARLEY: Arthur, come on.
WELLINGTON: I'll keep it ready for you, Crackles.
MAXI: Mister Crackles? That man looked just like the Duke of Wellington. Mister Crackles?

(Fire burning, clock ticking. Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Tell me if you'd prefer to be alone.
GEORGINA: No, of course not, Edward. Come in. There's a glass of port wine at the side of the armchair for you.
DOCTOR: Thank you, just the thing. You're very thoughtful. What's that you're working on?
GEORGINA: My needlepoint. It's a kneeler for the church. Nothing very extraordinary, I'm afraid, but I promised it to the vicar some months ago. Perhaps you'd like to read the newspaper?
DOCTOR: Hmm. I can find out what's been happening at the Great Exhibition.
GEORGINA: We know only too well what's been happening at the Great Exhibition., or at least in Hyde Park.
DOCTOR: Not quite what I meant. Are you sure you're all right, Georgina? You've recovered amazingly well from the attack.
GEORGINA: I should be angry with you.
DOCTOR: Yes, you should.
GEORGINA: I should be absolutely furious with you.
DOCTOR: You aren't?
GEORGINA: We're alive, aren't we? No lasting harm has been done. The man is back behind bars where he belongs.
DOCTOR: I'm glad you're not angry.
GEORGINA: It has to be said, Edward, that you do seem to be keeping dangerous company nowadays. I'm not prepared to allow the children to be exposed to such danger.

DOCTOR: Believe me, Georgina, I would not wish any harm to come to them. You must know that. Nor to you.
GEORGINA: Does the newspaper say anything of interest about the Exhibition?
DOCTOR: Er, descriptions of the newest exhibits, background information about some of the exhibitors. Ah, here we are. Listen to this. It is to be hoped that the French representatives of Louis-Napoléon will find time in their busy itinerary to favour the exhibition with a second visit before returning to Paris later this week. An air of mystery surrounds the present whereabouts in London of Monsieur and Madame de Roche, who have thus far been guests of the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, although it is expected this will be dispelled by their imminent reappearance. Are you all right, Georgina?
GEORGINA: Yes, thank you. Quite all right. My eyes are rather tired.
DOCTOR: You're straining them with that needlepoint. If you have spectacles, you should wear them. Do you wear spectacles?
GEORGINA: No, I don't. But Edward does.
DOCTOR: Does he.
GEORGINA: Yes, he does. He would have great difficulty reading such minuscule newspaper print without them. Unlike you, who seem to have no difficulty at all.
DOCTOR: I'm really not a dangerous criminal.
GEORGINA: I know that. I see it in your eyes. You're a good, kind man, as I also see it in your eyes that you are not my husband. I've known from the start, but was somehow able to convince myself that you were Edward, that you had to be him. So much depended on it.
DOCTOR: I have been trying to tell you.
GEORGINA: Yes, I know. Bless you for not having been too harsh with me. Nor having taken advantage of a vulnerable woman. I've done a foolish thing and must heartily beg your forgiveness.
DOCTOR: There's nothing to forgive, Georgina. I've enjoyed this short time with you. It's been very pleasant. But I shall, of course, take my leave of you tonight, before any more harm is done.
GEORGINA: No! You cannot. You must not.
DOCTOR: I can't stay here. What would your neighbours think? A stranger in the house while your husband is away? Your honour and reputation would be in shreds.
GEORGINA: The neighbours can think what I want them to think, that Edward has returned from his sojourn overseas and that all is well. You must stay, for the time being at least.
DOCTOR: I have my own life to lead, my own friends. You thank me for not having taken advantage of you, but in truth I have. I've eaten at your table, I've shared your company, I'm drinking your port wine in your armchair at your fireside. I've assumed the mantle of respectable Victorian English gentleman.
GEORGINA: Doctor Edward Marlow, whose mantle you must continue to wear until the immediate crisis is behind us.
DOCTOR: Crisis? Which particular crisis might that be? There are quite a few to choose from.
GEORGINA: The crisis of losing our home, of being turned out into the street. This house is owned by an uncle of Edward's who has generously allowed us to live in it since our marriage. Edward has never been a man of independent means and the arrangement suited us well enough. It's always been understood, however, that if Edward dies, or is separated from his family for a year, the house will be sold from under us. My children and I will be left to fend for ourselves. Edward has not been home for almost a year.
DOCTOR: I see. Hence your urgent need to find him.
GEORGINA: Or else someone who looks like him.
DOCTOR: Explain the situation to your husband's uncle, that Doctor Marlow was unwell before he left for Africa. He can't fail to be sympathetic.
GEORGINA: Oh, I'm afraid he can. No love is lost between Edward and his uncle. He did not approve of our marriage. He makes no effort to see the children.
DOCTOR: And yet he allows you to live in this house.
GEORGINA: He allows Edward to live in this house. My children and I are here on his sufferance. If it were just for myself, I should not care. My concern is for Eddie and Henry.
DOCTOR: What can I do to help?
GEORGINA: Do exactly as you're doing. I know it is a pretence, a deception, possibly a criminal deception, but if the alternative is that we are to throw ourselves upon the mercy of the Parish and be torn apart, then I would choose deception a thousand times over. I shall not have my children taken from me. Please stay, even if it's just for a few days. Long enough for word to

reach Uncle from other sources that Edward is alive and well, and in the bosom of his family.
DOCTOR: I'll stay. But where am I to sleep? Surely not
GEORGINA: No, don't look so worried. There is a separate bedroom for you. Deceiving Edward's uncle is one thing, but being unfaithful to my husband is quite another.

C'RIZZ: Ow. Ah. Gone? What do you mean, gone?
CHARLEY: What does the word normally mean, C'Rizz. Gone, as in departed, absent, missing, no longer here.
C'RIZZ: The Tardis has gone?
CHARLEY: And the Doctor.
WELLINGTON: And Monsieur and Madame de Roche.
C'RIZZ: All gone?
CHARLEY: All gone.
WELLINGTON: Yes.
CHARLEY: I thought I'd found the Doctor, but this one turned out to be married.
C'RIZZ: Oh, can you imagine the Doctor being married? Pity his poor wife. Ow!
CHARLEY: Hold still.
FAZACKERLEY: (tutting) I must say, sir, that the playbill illustration wasn't very flattering. You don't look quite so hideous in reality.
C'RIZZ: Thanks. Watch where you're putting your hands.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, will you please sit still?
C'RIZZ: Ow! It looks worse than it is, Charley. You should feel more sorry for Maxi. We could have forced him to come with us. Ow!
CHARLEY: Yes, we could have, the way that Crackles forced you to do what he wanted?
WELLINGTON: The man's an absolute scoundrel. Deserves a damn good thrashing.
C'RIZZ: That was different.
CHARLEY: Maxi may not think so. I mean, where would he go? Who'd look after him?
C'RIZZ: All right, you've made your point. But I feel bad about leaving him there.
WELLINGTON: Well, rest assured that the bounder will harm your friend at his own peril. In the meantime, we have more pressing concerns.
C'RIZZ: Like finding the Tardis and the Doctor. Ow!
WELLINGTON: Averting a revolution, young man. Preventing this great country from falling into the hands of the mob!
C'RIZZ: Right. Of course. What's he talking about?
CHARLEY: Anarchy and chaos.
C'RIZZ: Oh, that.
CHARLEY: The Duke is convinced that the disappearance of Monsieur and Madame de Roche will lead to public unrest. That people will think there's a plot by the aristocracy to keep the wealthy and titled in power, instead of sharing it amongst the whole of the population.
WELLINGTON: In a nutshell, m'dear. Couldn't have put it better meself. Ever thought of going into politics?
CHARLEY: Well, as a matter of fact
C'RIZZ: We don't belong here, Charley. What difference does it make to us who's in power? And anyway, you know what happened in 1851, because it's
WELLINGTON: History?
CHARLEY: It's okay. He knows. I told him.
C'RIZZ: Charley, you know that's not allowed. Oh, the Doctor'll
CHARLEY: The Doctor has effectively kidnapped two people at a time when their presence may be most needed. There could be another French Revolution. The British Royal Family could be replaced by a President!
WELLINGTON: God forbid!
C'RIZZ: That's a bad thing?
CHARLEY: I'm not saying it's good or bad. I'm saying it's not meant to happen that way. Well, certainly not according to *my* knowledge of events. But it may well happen if Monsieur de Roche and his wife are never seen again.
FAZACKERLEY: Which is where Miss Pollard comes in.
C'RIZZ: Oh, what have you done, Charley?
CHARLEY: I haven't done anything. Well, not much. Just dressed up a bit, that's all.
FAZACKERLEY: She is Madame de Roche to the life. An amazing wig.

WELLINGTON: Thank you, Fazackerley. I think you've done with those bandages now.
FAZACKERLEY: Not quite finished yet, Your Grace. There's a bit to tuck in here.
C'RIZZ: Ouch!
FAZACKERLEY: Hands.
WELLINGTON: Yes, Charley has proved herself to be a very credible substitute for the missing Madame.
CHARLEY: Merci beaucoup.
WELLINGTON: Yes, all we need now is someone who can substitute for the missing Monsieur.
FAZACKERLEY: Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Your Grace?
C'RIZZ: What's wrong? Charley? Why are you all looking at me?

(Door creaks open.)
DOCTOR: Good morning, Georgina.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: It promises to be another glorious summer's day.
GEORGINA: I trust that you slept well?
DOCTOR: Hardly at all, as it happens.
GEORGINA: Oh?
DOCTOR: Sleep is for tortoises, Georgina. I need very little of it to keep me going. But you look tired.
GEORGINA: Edward's uncle has written in response to the letter which I sent to him yesterday.
DOCTOR: And how is the old tyrant?
GEORGINA: Here it is. You may wish to read it for yourself.
DOCTOR: My dear Georgina, I must thank you for communication in informing me of my nephew's safe return to these shores. He has been much in my thoughts of late. As there is a small matter of business requiring my attention in town this afternoon, I have decided to combine this with a visit to your home to convey my regards to Edward in person. You may expect me at three o'clock precisely. Your uncle, Rufus Dimplesqueeze. Oh dear. You must write to him again, tell him not to come. Say that I've been struck down by a mysterious illness which was contracted in Africa.
GEORGINA: It's too late for that, Doctor. He will already have left his home.
DOCTOR: He mentions he has business in town. Send him a message there.
GEORGINA: Uncle's business affairs are a closely guarded secret that he would certainly not entrust to me. I am afraid that we have no choice but to wait for three o'clock.
DOCTOR: But Georgina, this changes everything. Now you'll have to tell him the truth.
GEORGINA: Tell him what he wants to hear? No, Edward.
DOCTOR: Doctor.
GEORGINA: It changes nothing, Edward.

(Horse's hooves.)
C'RIZZ: I look utterly ridiculous.
FAZACKERLEY: Nonsense. You look absolutely delightful.
CHARLEY: Stop moaning. Mister Fazackerley has worked wonders with your make-up and costume. So long as you keep concentrating on the right skin tones, no one would ever know you aren't human.
FAZACKERLEY: The clothes fit you so well that one might almost believe Monsieur de Roche and C'Rizz are twins. Two peas from the same pod. Oh, what say, Your Grace?
WELLINGTON: Fall back, Fazackerley, so I can pretend you're not there.
FAZACKERLEY: Yes, Your Grace.
C'RIZZ: Oh, this hairpiece is irritating my scalp. I want to rip it off.
CHARLEY: Stop scratching your head. People will think you have lice. Leave it alone!
C'RIZZ: It's itching, Charley.
CHARLEY: Madame de Roche.
C'RIZZ: Whatever.
MAN: Good day to you, sir.
C'RIZZ: Good day to you.
MAN: Madam.
CHARLEY: Bonjour, monsieur. (sotto) You're supposed to say bonjour. You're French.
C'RIZZ: Eutermesan.
CHARLEY: Today you're French.

C'RIZZ: Oh, no. What's he doing here?
CHARLEY: Who?
C'RIZZ: Standing by that tree. Jacob Crackles.
CHARLEY: He must be taking down his posters, now that the half-man, half beast that is Kerizo is gone.
C'RIZZ: It's not funny, Charley. I think he's seen me.
CHARLEY: Oh, don't look, he's coming over.
C'RIZZ: Do something. Get rid of him.
CHARLEY: What can I do? He'll probably recognise me as well.
JACOB: Good day to you, sir.
C'RIZZ: Bonjour.
JACOB: Don't I know you from somewheres?
C'RIZZ: (vaguely French) I don't think so. Please, go away.
CHARLEY: S'il vous plaît.
C'RIZZ: What?
CHARLEY: Go away, s'il vous plaît. (sotto) It's French.
C'RIZZ: Yes, go away, s'il vous plaît. It's French.
CHARLEY: Zis is Monsieur de Roche, and as you can see, I am Madame de Roche.
JACOB: Are you sure? I'm very good with faces. I says to meself, I know these faces. Tell me I'm wrong.
WELLINGTON: He is quite sure, Mister Crackles. We meet again.
JACOB: Oh, Duke.
FAZACKERLEY: You mean, Your Grace.
JACOB: Oh, Your Grace, yeah. You with these two?
WELLINGTON: I am accompanying Monsieur and Madame de Roche, that is correct. What of it, sir?
JACOB: Oh, nothing, nothing. Nothing, Your Grace. Nothing at all. I thought I'd seen their faces before. Ah. Must be wrong.
WELLINGTON: I think you must be, Mister Crackles. Good day to you. Don't forget about the Tower of London.
JACOB: Oh! No, I won't, Your Grace. Good day.
CHARLEY: Oh, that was close.
C'RIZZ: Too close. He's bound to suspect.
WELLINGTON: He knows, but he won't say anything, my boy. Not unless he wants me to carry out my threat.
CHARLEY: This is starting to get a bit dangerous, Arthur.
FAZACKERLEY: Oh. Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: (laughs) Yes, I know. Exciting, isn't it.

(Clock ticking.)
DOCTOR: Please, Georgina, I can't do this. I don't want to be held responsible for losing the house, your home.
GEORGINA: If anything goes wrong, Doctor, the responsibility for that is Edward's and mine. It was wrong of us to think that we could depend upon the goodwill of Uncle Rufus indefinitely. No blame will attach to anyone else.
DOCTOR: I'd blame Edward. He should have made better provision for you and the children. He shouldn't have left you to cope with it all on your own.
GEORGINA: I beg your pardon! What he should or shouldn't have done is quite frankly none of your business.
DOCTOR: If I am to masquerade as your husband, then quite frankly it *is* my business.
GEORGINA: I disagree. Perhaps Edward should have abandoned his research and accepted the position offered to him by his uncle. Perhaps we should have removed to a house that we could call our own. But we did not, and now we must face the consequences of having failed to act sooner.
DOCTOR: What more proof is needed to convince your Uncle Rufus that we are husband and wife. We've just had our first row.
GEORGINA: Oh. Oh, Doctor, I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: Edward.
GEORGINA: Yes, of course. Edward.
(The clock plays Westminster chimes.)

DOCTOR: It's almost time.
GEORGINA: Don't forget you were ill, that your memory was affected. It may be better to confine the conversation to safe subjects. The weather, for instance. Or the Great Exhibition.
DOCTOR: The weather or the Great Exhibition. Right. Three o'clock on the dot. Here goes.
GEORGINA: Your hands are shaking. I'll open the door.
DOCTOR: How am I to address him? Uncle? Uncle Rufus? Sir? Mister Dimplesqueeze?
GEORGINA: Uncle will do.
(Opens door.)
RUFUS: Georgina?
GEORGINA: Please come in, Uncle. You're most welcome.
RUFUS: I should hope so, the journey I've had. Glad to get out of the heat for five minutes.
(Door closes.)
RUFUS: Where is he, then? Where's the wandering nephew?
GEORGINA: Edward?
DOCTOR: Hello, Uncle. How are you?
RUFUS: You've changed.
DOCTOR: Pleasant weather, is it not.
RUFUS: No, it certainly isn't. Too hot for my liking. Can't bear too much heat. Never could.
DOCTOR: The sunshine will probably attract more people to Hyde Park for the Great Exhibition.
RUFUS: What of it? I don't hold with public exhibitions. Frivolous extravagances that keep employees from their work. Can't bear public exhibitions. Never could.
GEORGINA: I've prepared tea for you in the sitting room, Uncle. Would you like to step this way?
RUFUS: Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
GEORGINA: Is something wrong?
RUFUS: I don't know. Perhaps. Where are the whiskers?
DOCTOR: The whiskers?
RUFUS: You heard me, boy. The whiskers.
DOCTOR: Still in Africa, Uncle.
RUFUS: Still in Africa, eh? (laughs) Still in Africa, he says. Still in Africa. I like that. Still in Africa. (laughs) Well done, well done.
(Georgina and the Doctor laugh nervously.)

CHARLEY: Okay, brace yourself.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
CHARLEY: You ready?
C'RIZZ: Yes
CHARLEY: One, two, three!
C'RIZZ: Ow!
CHARLEY: There you are. All done, all done.
C'RIZZ: Thanks. You won't catch me wearing that hairpiece again, revolution or no revolution. I don't care about Monsieur de Roche.
CHARLEY: You'll care about him if he doesn't turn up and we're stuck in the nineteenth century for good. In the meantime, I'd rather be a French diplomat's wife than a prostitute or an exhibit in a freak show.
C'RIZZ: Who said anything about being a prostitute?
CHARLEY: It's just a random example. The point is that we could be a lot worse off than living it up as guests of the Duke of Wellington. Three meals a day, comfortable bed, waited on hand and foot.
C'RIZZ: In return for which we have to dress up and pretend that we're other people. Well, I don't want these other lives any more. I don't want to be Monsieur de Roche or Kerizo the half man, half beast. I want my own life back. I want to be plain old C'Rizz again.
CHARLEY: You can be plain old C'Rizz again as soon as we find the Tardis.
C'RIZZ: As soon as the Tardis finds us, you mean.
(Door creaks open.)
WELLINGTON: Ah.
CHARLEY: And the Crystal Palace is the most likely place for that to happen.
C'RIZZ: So what are we waiting for? Let's go there now.
(Door creaks shut.)

WELLINGTON: Tomorrow morning will be soon enough.
CHARLEY: Arthur, why tomorrow morning?
WELLINGTON: Because that's when hundreds of other visitors to the Great Exhibition will expect to see you there. Well, not so much you and C'Rizz as a certain French diplomat and his wife.
C'RIZZ: Oh, no! I'm not putting that hairpiece back on.
WELLINGTON: You'll do as you're told, me boy. After the close shave at the Rotten Row this afternoon, it's clear that there needs to be a more public appearance by Monsieur de Roche.
C'RIZZ: Or no appearance at all. Why don't you just tell them that we've come down with the plague or something. That we're at death's door. They wouldn't want to see us then.
WELLINGTON: There's a lot more at stake than your lives if you don't show your faces again. It was my suggestion that the most suitable place to make such an appearance is the Glass Palace. The morning's first edition will therefore carry an announcement to that effect.
CHARLEY: We'll be lynched.
WELLINGTON: I have every confidence in you, my dear. Very few people will have the temerity to question who you are. Most of those will be more interested in the Exhibition itself than in its visitors, French or otherwise. You'll be quite all right.
C'RIZZ: And if we're not? If something goes wrong?
WELLINGTON: My dear C'Rizz, I'm the Duke of Wellington. What could possibly go wrong?

RUFUS: A year is a long time, Edward.
GEORGINA: Not quite a year, I think you'll find, Uncle.
RUFUS: Near enough, Georgina. Please don't interrupt. You must have thought about your family, your wife, your children. Damn it all, man, you must have known who you were.
DOCTOR: My memory, I can't remember.
RUFUS: You found your way back to England. How does a man who has no memory of where he's come from manage to travel thousands of miles to find his way home, hmm? Tell me that.
DOCTOR: It must have been a homing instinct, Uncle, like that of a messenger pigeon.
RUFUS: You would do well not to be facetious with me, boy.
DOCTOR: In truth, Uncle, I have no recollection of it.
GEORGINA: I found him, at the Glass Palace.
RUFUS: Found him at the Glass Palace, did you?
GEORGINA: Edward happened to be there on one of my visits.
RUFUS: Looking for him, were you?
GEORGINA: I had never stopped looking for him, Uncle.
RUFUS: Nothing to do with our little agreement, I suppose?
GEORGINA: Our little agreement?
RUFUS: You know what I'm talking about, Georgina. Or have you lost your memory as well? It seems odd that Edward has returned home just days before the first anniversary of his disappearance. Doesn't that seem odd to you?
GEORGINA: I always knew that he'd return, Uncle. It was simply a question of when. I did not choose the moment.
RUFUS: Did you not? Another week of his prolonged absence and you would have been obliged to vacate this property under mutually agreed terms. You, and your children.
GEORGINA: Yes, I have not forgotten.
RUFUS: But my nephew *has* returned. Fortune has indeed smiled upon you, Georgina. I'm happy for you.
DOCTOR: Aren't you happy for yourself?
GEORGINA: Edward, please.
DOCTOR: Aren't you in the least bit concerned for the welfare of your nephew and his family? Your own flesh and blood?
RUFUS: I see that absence has sharpened your tongue, boy. This is a new side to you.
GEORGINA: Would you like more tea, sir?
RUFUS: Perhaps it is you who should demonstrate proper concern for your wife and children. You who should give up your aimless travels and settle for the life that awaits you here. I can offer you a job worthy of your talents. A job which you'd be a fool to turn down again, Which will not be offered a third time. What say you?
DOCTOR: You place me in a difficult position, Uncle.
RUFUS: Yes or no, Edward. The choice is yours.
DOCTOR: Truly, Uncle, the choice is not mine alone. Georgina?

GEORGINA: His travels mean a great deal to my husband. It is possible that rather than be separated from him, my children and I may decide to travel with him in future.
RUFUS: I see. In which event, you would have no further need of this house. Very well, that is your wish.
DOCTOR: That is not what Georgina said.
GEORGINA: Please, Doctor, you will only make matters worse.
RUFUS: Doctor? You're in the habit of addressing your husband as Doctor?
GEORGINA: No, of course not.
RUFUS: I smell a rat.
GEORGINA: You must allow me to explain, Uncle.
RUFUS: The only thing I require from you, Georgina, is a simple answer to a simple question. Is this man my nephew?
DOCTOR: Georgina.
RUFUS: Answer me.
GEORGINA: Why do you ask the question, Uncle? Do you not know your own nephew?
RUFUS: I sometimes wonder. But I am satisfied that it is he. Who else could it be? Welcome home, my boy.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Uncle.

JACOB: Come on, Maxi, you useless waste of space. We've got all the playbills, now we've got to get back and put on a show.
MAXI: I'm going as fast as I can, Mister Crackles. My little legs. Two steps of mine to one of yours.
JACOB: Yeah, not fast enough, though. Not with my star attraction gone and escaped.
MAXI: With a bit of help, Mister Crackles, don't forget.
JACOB: Yeah, yeah. And don't think I've forgot your part in that, neither. I've got a good memory, me. Tell me if I'm wrong.
MAXI: Don't forget what the Duke said as well.
JACOB: Now listen to me, Maxi. Listen good.
(Maxi whimpers.)
JACOB: You do exactly what I say, Duke or no Duke. I ain't afraid of him, all right? By the weekend, we're away from this city and no Duke is gonna come a-looking for you, checking that you're being fed and watered all proper like. Do you understand? Do you understand?
MAXI: Yeah, yeah, yes, Mister Crackles. Sorry, Mister Crackles.
JACOB: Yeah, very good boy. Very good. Now then, I. Oh, for Gawd's sake, where did you come from?
C'RIZZ: Hello, Maxi. Still letting Jacob Crackles push you around?
JACOB: C'Rizz, I never.
MAXI: I told you, we need each other, him and me.
C'RIZZ: Really.
JACOB: It was you, wasn't it. You. You and the girl dressed up like Frenchies.
C'RIZZ: How was it you sold me to the crowd? Half man, half beast? Will you ever, in your darkest nightmares, see anything so terrible, so miserable, so frightening. Believe me, Crackles, you've never in your darkest nightmares seen anything so frightening as me before.
JACOB: Now, now, now, now, me friend.
C'RIZZ: I'm no friend of yours.
JACOB: Now, what are you doing? What are you doing? Stay back. Stay back! Get away from me!
C'RIZZ: My friends told me that I should save you.
MAXI: The Duke, you mean? And the pretty young girl?
C'RIZZ: No, Maxi. Other friends. You can't see them, but I can. There, and there. And I'm wondering if I should save you, Crackles, or just leave you here.
JACOB: Leave me here. Oh, please, please, leave me here. Yeah, I'll stop the show, yeah. I'll give Maxi whatever he wants.
C'RIZZ: I don't believe you.
MAXI: Don't hurt him. C'Rizz. Please. What would I do if he was gone?
C'RIZZ: It's all right. I'm not going to save him. I won't take him away. But I will do this. (roars)

MAXI: C'Rizz? Mister Crackles.
JACOB: Maxi? Maxi, are you there?

MAXI: Mister Crackles, you all right?
JACOB: Yes. I can't move me legs. Why is it so dark?
MAXI: Er, it's night time, Mister Crackles. But the moon is showing us the path home.
JACOB: Moon? I can't see no moon, Maxi. I can't see nothing. Where's that creature?
MAXI: He's gone. Like I said before, we need each other, you and me. Though I think you need me more than I need you.
JACOB: I can't see. I can't move.
MAXI: I'll take care of you, Mister Crackles. For now.

(Horse drawn vehicle.)
FAZACKERLEY: Many people appear to be drifting in the direction of the Glass Palace, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: The sun is shining, Fazackerley. What'd you expect?
CHARLEY: It's us they want to see. The latest spectacle at the Great Exhibition. Charley and C'Rizz.
WELLINGTON: Monsieur and Madame de Roche. And as soon as they've seen you, they'll lose interest. They'll realise that it was a lot of fuss about nothing, mark my words.
C'RIZZ: This hairpiece isn't straight.
FAZACKERLEY: That's the best I could do after the savage way it had been removed. I am not a miracle worker, you know.
C'RIZZ: I can't face my public wearing a dodgy hairpiece.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Can't be any worse than that thong.

GEORGINA: Monsieur Christian and Madame Madeleine de Roche will today be making their final tour of the Great Exhibition before returning to Paris at the end of the week. I don't understand.
DOCTOR: It's in this morning's first edition, Georgina. Don't you see?
GEORGINA: No.
DOCTOR: If Monsieur de Roche is able to visit the Great Exhibition today, then it can mean only one thing. That my ship has returned. The Tardis is back.
GEORGINA: It means that you will be leaving us.
DOCTOR: Put like that, I suppose it has two meanings, but they both mean the same thing to me. Freedom! I must go to the Glass Palace as soon as possible, just in case I miss them again. Will you come with me, Georgina?
GEORGINA: On your travels?
DOCTOR: To the Glass Palace.
GEORGINA: Yes. Of course.
DOCTOR: You have two young children, Georgina. Two very good reasons for staying. I'm sorry that I won't have a chance to meet Eddie and Henry.
GEORGINA: Will you come and visit?
DOCTOR: When my travels bring me in this direction, I'll certainly look in on you. At least your address won't have changed.
GEORGINA: For a while longer, anyway, thanks in no small part to you, Doctor.

FAZACKERLEY: Stand aside, please, for Monsieur and Madame de Roche.
C'RIZZ: Everyone is staring at us like we're a couple of freaks.
WELLINGTON: Everyone is looking at you because you're a French diplomat and his wife. Don't be so paranoid.
C'RIZZ: I can't help it.
CHARLEY: Just try to relax, C'Rizz. Pretend to take an interest in the Exhibition.
C'RIZZ: How's the hairpiece?
CHARLEY: The hairpiece is fine.
WELLINGTON: Straight ahead, Monsieur de Roche. We're right behind you.

DOCTOR: There it is, Georgina. The Glass Palace, where we first met. Where we must say goodbye.
GEORGINA: Oh, let us say goodbye now, Doctor. I shall watch as you walk across the Park, away from me and out of our lives, back to your own life.
DOCTOR: A part of me wants to stay.
GEORGINA: A very small part, perhaps. The rest craves travel and adventure, far distant

places. You and Edward are much more alike than you realise.
DOCTOR: Georgina, I
GEORGINA: Please, go.
DOCTOR: There is something, Georgina, and after all that's happened I hate to ask it of you.
GEORGINA: Anything, Doctor. Ask of me what you will.
DOCTOR: Could you lend me a shilling?

C'RIZZ: Charley, I think it's working. A few people are looking the other way. They're not bothered about us.
CHARLEY: Of course. We're just another couple of visitors enjoying the Exhibition. Two people amongst thousands, most of whom wouldn't have recognised us anyway.
C'RIZZ: I really don't know what you were panicking about.
CHARLEY: Oh, me panicking? I like that.
C'RIZZ: Neither of us existed at this time. One of us isn't even from this planet. If you think about if rationally, who on Earth would have the slightest idea that we're not who we appear to be?
CHARLEY: Who's to say I'm not Madame Madeleine de Roche? Except maybe Madame Madeleine de Roche. My own mother wouldn't recognise me in this wig and make-up.
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
C'RIZZ: Doctor?
DOCTOR: C'Rizz?
WELLINGTON: Charley?
DOCTOR: Your Grace!
WELLINGTON: Doctor.
FAZACKERLEY: Your Grace?
DOCTOR: Fazackerley?
FAZACKERLEY: Mister Fazackerley.
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, is that really you?
WELLINGTON: Fazackerley, I think we need to make a strategic withdrawal from here as quickly as possible.
FAZACKERLEY: People are looking, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Start circulating a story about using decoys to foil an assassination attempt, eh? Let's snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.
FAZACKERLEY: As usual, Your Grace.
CHARLEY: I can't believe it's you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Believe me, Charley, the surprise is entirely mine.
CHARLEY: We thought you'd left us here.
DOCTOR: I didn't know what to think. Madame de Roche must have activated the Tardis by mistake.
CHARLEY: I thought you were the only one who could operate the controls?
DOCTOR: Anyone can operate the controls, if I've uncoupled the isomorphic circuit. As I did for you, C'Rizz, so that you could open the doors and use the scanner.
C'RIZZ: But if you're here, where's the Tardis?
(Distant sound of the Tardis materialising.)
ALL: Musical instruments!
DOCTOR: I'll see you up there.
CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz and I have to go, Your Grace. I hope you understand.
WELLINGTON: Of course I understand, m'dear. If I were a few years younger, I'd go with you.
C'RIZZ: Here you are, Fazackerley. (ripping sound.) I won't be needing this any more.
WELLINGTON: Goodbye, Charley. And good luck in the future.
CHARLEY: Goodbye, Arthur.
(Footsteps run away.)
WELLINGTON: Fazackerley.
FAZACKERLEY: I said nothing, Your Grace.
WELLINGTON: Yeah, but you were thinking it, huh? Huh? (laughs)

(Tardis door opens.)
MME DE ROCHE: Is it safe to come out now, Docteur?
DOCTOR: Quite safe, Madame. The assassin's long gone.
MME DE ROCHE: Oh, very good. You 'ave a wonderful machine, if I may say so.
M DE ROCHE: You must let us know if you ever change your mind about selling it.
DOCTOR: I couldn't possibly put a price on the Tardis, Monsieur. It's my home. Complete with temporal drift compensators that appear to be on the blink.
M DE ROCHE: Everything 'as it's price, Docteur.
DOCTOR: The Duke of Wellington has been looking for you. I believe that you're needed downstairs rather urgently.
MME DE ROCHE: Allez-y, Christian. We mustn't keep the Duke waiting. Au revoir, Docteur.
DOCTOR: Au revoir, and be careful that you don't bump into anything on the way. You might set it off my accident.
C'RIZZ: What are those two looking at?
DOCTOR: Probably you, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Me?
DOCTOR: You've put a bit of weight on since I last saw you, Charley.
CHARLEY: Oh! Be off with you, my good man. You have a lot of explaining to do.
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
CHARLEY: Well, C'Rizz, that was 1851.
C'RIZZ: Mmm. Freakish.
(Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

(The band finishes playing Lillibullero to a smattering of applause.)
EDWARD: Georgina.
GEORGINA: Edward?
EDWARD: Oh, my darling Georgina! I knew you'd find me if I waited long enough.
GEORGINA: Edward! Edward!
EDWARD: Who else? My darling, I've come home.
GEORGINA: It *is* you.
EDWARD: Of course. Have I changed so much?
GEORGINA: You haven't changed at all, Edward. But the beard will have to go.